The SPHERE

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. MAY 10, 1930

STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY FESTIVAL

Special Illustrated Section

Vol. CXXI.] [No. 1581

"Luvisca" REGD SHIRTS PYJAMAS & SOFT COLLARS

SMART IN APPEARANCE, SERVICEABLE IN WEAR.

LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED TAB: Luvisca REGD COURTAULDS

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Golf on the finest inland courses in the world

GOLF TENNIS DANCING FISHING SWIMMING RIDING SHOOTING (*clay pigeon*)

Accommodation should be reserved early. Apply to the Resident Manager, Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire, Scotland. The Hotel is under the direction of Arthur Towle, Controller, LMS Hotel Services, St. Pancras, London, N.W. 1

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The Hotel is open throughout the year

Highly appreciated in the Skies.

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"The HERMITAGE"

Le Touquet ★ France

The Hotel in the forest. Just far enough to be near enough

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Inland scenery that is unsurpassed. Wide areas of glorious moorland, colourful heather-covered hillsides, picturesque glens, majestic bens, mountain streams, and still lochs. A land vitally fresh and stimulating, full of unusual bird and animal life—yet hospitable and congenial to every kind of traveller.

Send for any of the following booklets :—

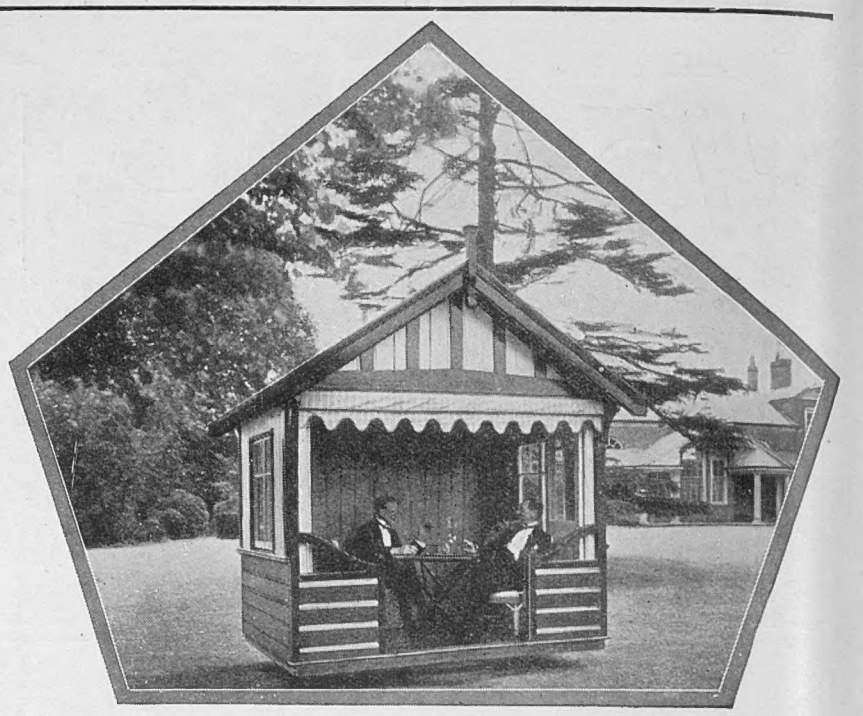
No. 4—"Scotland" No. 5—"Isle of Skye"
„ 8—"Clyde & Loch Lomond Sailings"
„ 9—"The Trossachs via Aberfoyle"
„ 10—"Land of Scott & Border Abbeys"
„ 11—"Inverness"

FREE from Passenger Manager, L.N.E.R., Liverpool Street Station, E.C.2; L.N.E.R., York; or Waverley Station, Edinburgh; Traffic Superintendent, L.N.E.R. Aberdeen; or L.N.E.R. stations, offices & agencies.

THE HOLIDAY HANDBOOK
860 PAGES—comprising many holiday pictures in photogravure, street plans and maps, and extensive lists of holiday accommodation. The Complete Guide to all the places of interest and seaside resorts served by the L.N.E.R. On sale at any L.N.E.R. Station, Office or Agency or from all Booksellers and Bookstalls. Price 6D
HAVE YOU GOT YOUR COPY?

KING'S CROSS for SCOTLAND

LONDON AND NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY



JUST CHATTING

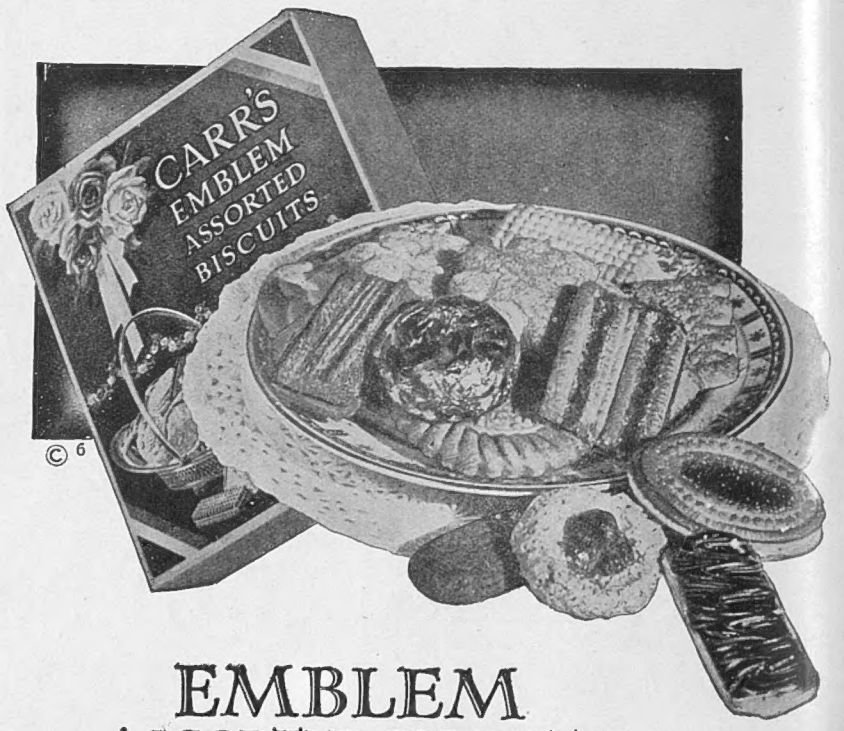
But with what utter relaxation! Somewhere the world clamours and shouts, but one does not rightly know or care. Here there is a big and sublime quiet. Day-weary workers have found peace.

BOULTON & PAUL Revolving Garden Shelters. *Health Houses.* Many simple and beautiful designs.

Write for Catalogue 992.

BOULTON & PAUL, LTD., Norwich, and 139, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4

See our Exhibit, Royal Horticultural Society's Show, Chelsea, May 21st to 23rd, 1930.

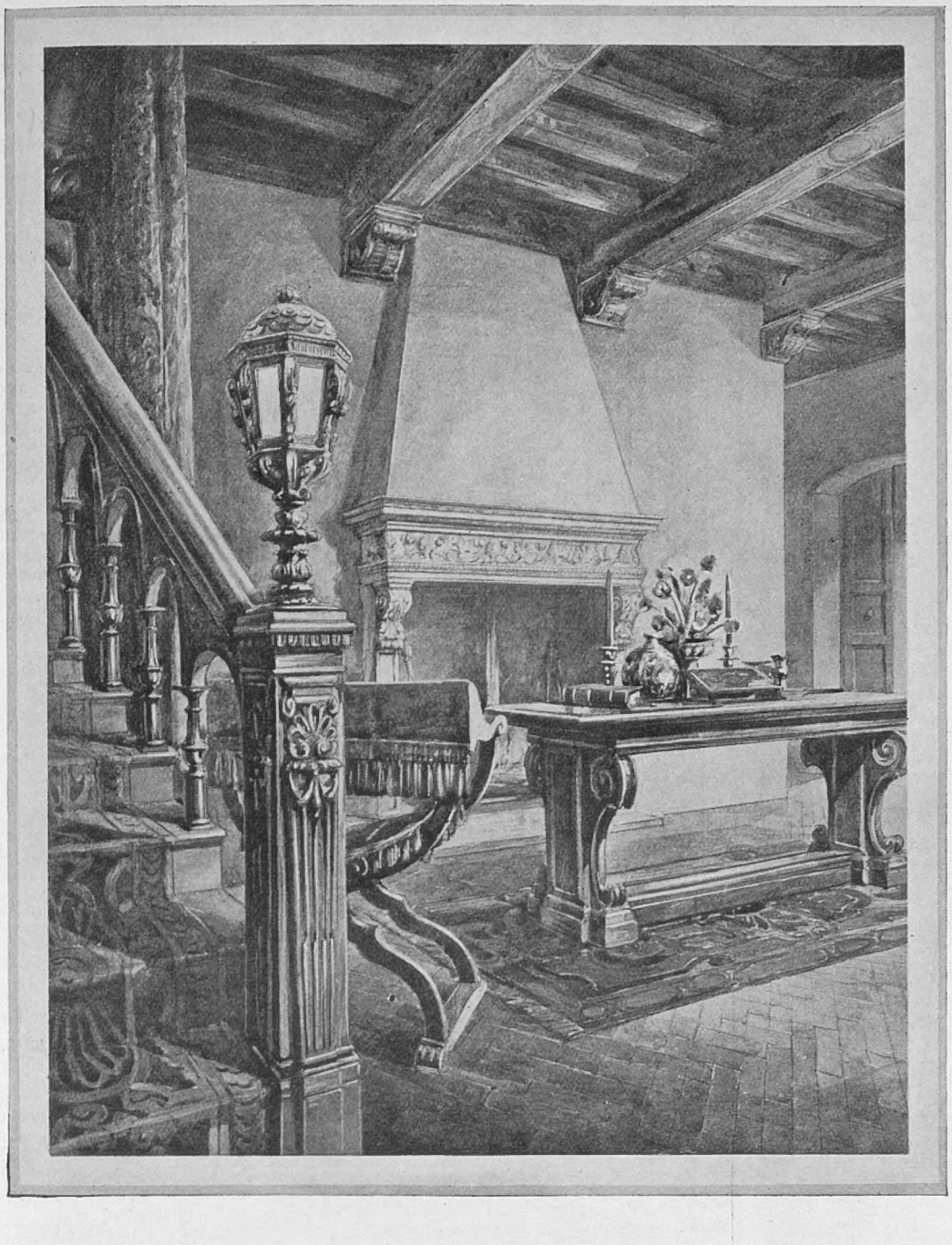


EMBLEM
ASSORTED BISCUITS

For variety this assortment is unique There is a wonderful array of 18 different kinds to tempt the most jaded appetite. The flavour of the first biscuit you try is Good—the second one Better—and so on until you find yourself trying to anticipate the flavour of the next one you eat.

Mad only by

CARR'S of CARLISLE



An Interior by Harrods

Harrods Decorative Advisers, with life-long experience and who are unequalled in England, can be consulted free of charge on all matters relating to Furniture and Decoration.

INTERIOR decoration is unquestionably an art. Complete harmony is achieved only when ripe experience is employed. The same instinct for proportion, for colour and for atmosphere which the successful painter shows must be brought to bear to secure perfection in a decorative scheme.

Harrods have at their disposal the accumulated skill and experience of men whose mission in life is to provide beautiful home surroundings. Some excel in the creation of modern schemes; others faithfully revive the atmosphere of other days. The art of all is fostered and developed by Harrods unrivalled resources.

Write for Harrods Furniture Book 'THE 1930 HOME.' Sent Free on request.

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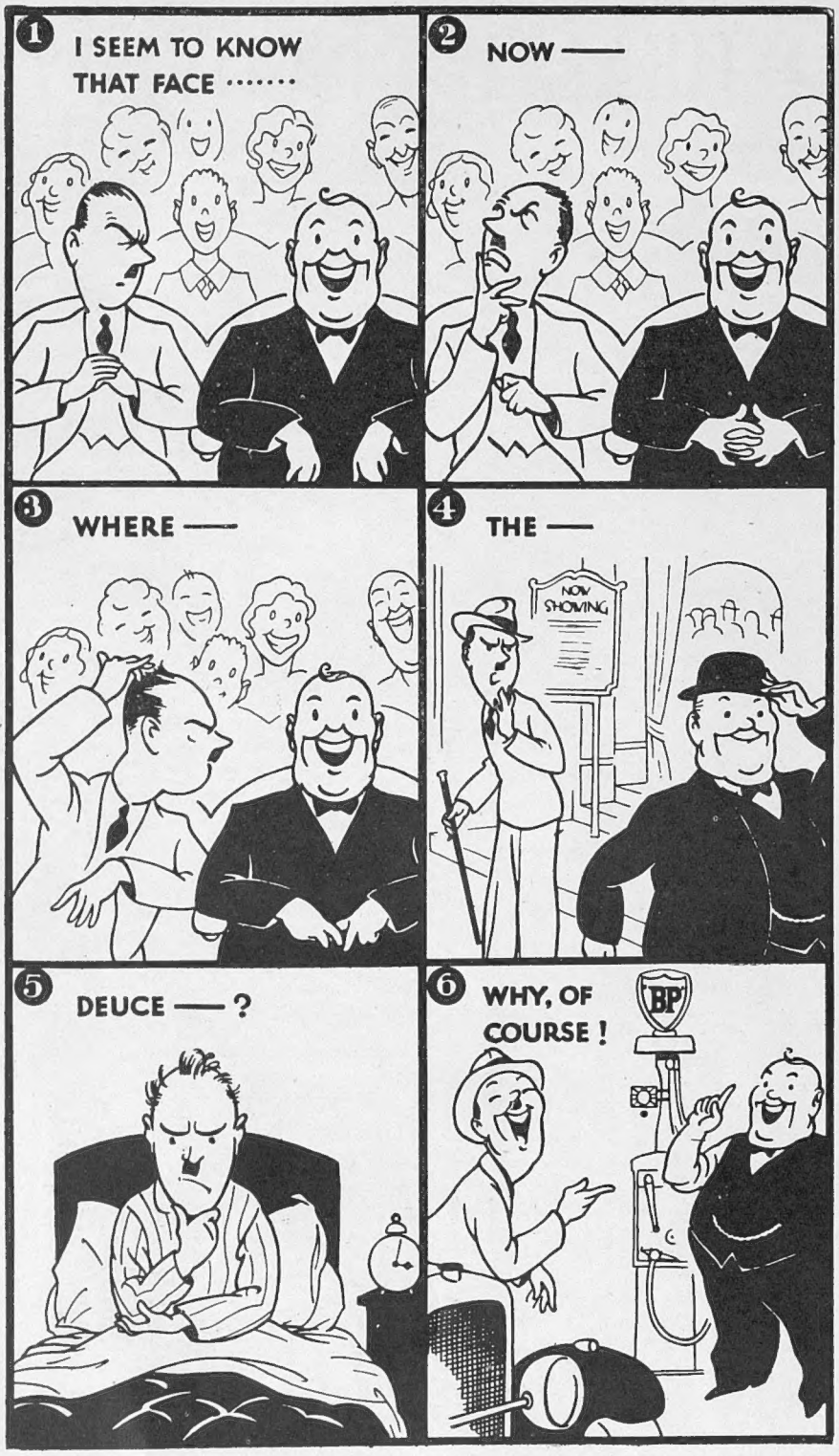

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Puts New Life into Your Car

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD
British Petroleum Co. Ltd. Britannic House Moorgate, E.C.2. Distributing Organisation.

FREE TRIAL OFFER
to ALL Sufferers from
Rheumatoid Arthritis, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sciatica, Etc.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS OF THE CURICONES HOME REMEDY

SOME OF OUR DISTINGUISHED PATRONS :—
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Viscount HAWARDEN.
Sir WILLIAM COOPER, Bart.
Sir ARTHUR CLAY, Bart.
Sir JAMES EVAN, K.C.I.E.
Sir WILLIAM WILLCOCKS.
Sir GEO. C. WALKER.
Dean MONAHAN.
The Countess of MORAY.
Countess HARRINGTON.
Viscountess PORTMAN.
The Lady SEMPILL.
Lady AITCHISON.
Lady CLARKE.
Lady D'ARCY OSBORNE.
Lady GRAHAM.
Lady HAMPTON.
Lady INGLEBY.
Lady DE L'ISLE.
Lady McCLINTOCK.
Lady MORTON.
Lady PHILLIPS.
Lady SEAFORD.
Lady YOUNGER.
The Hon. Mrs. GRANT.
The Hon. Mrs. GUINNESS.
The Hon. Mrs. HOLFORD.

CURICONES have saved thousands of sufferers from despair. Their wonderful action often begins with the first dose—pain is banished—swellings disappear — vitality is restored. No such remedy has ever before been placed within the reach of sufferers.

The following extract from a letter received from a member of the medical profession constitutes more conclusive evidence than anything we can say regarding the value of CURICONES as a remedy for all Rheumatic Ailments.

REMARKABLE MEDICAL TESTIMONY

Dr. J. W. (L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.), of Cheshire, writes:
"I have suffered more or less from Rheumatoid Arthritis for four years. A month ago, when I commenced taking 'Curicones,' I could only crawl about, I can now walk two miles at a stretch with comparatively little pain. 'Curicones' have given me truly marvellous relief."

Send for FREE Trial Package
and FREE BOOK—NO MONEY REQUIRED.

CURICONES are prescribed and recommended by over 300 Doctors. Their action is prompt and direct. The cause, whether it be Uric Acid, Urates of Soda, Lime, Potash, etc., even Microbes, is removed without resort to nauseous drugs. CURICONES are pure gelatine capsules, containing an entirely new combination of medicines approved by the British Pharmaceutical Authorities. They are pleasant and easy to take, and relieve torturing pain in a very short time.

Write for the book and free trial package to-day. You will not regret it. Simply send your name, address and ailment (a post card will do) to

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Reduced Fare Facilities
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Further information from Continental Traffic Manager, L·N·E·R, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.2, or Hull; 71, Regent Street, and 59, Piccadilly, London, W.1; L·N·E·R Stations, Offices and Tourist Agents.

L·N·E·R NIGHT ROUTES

SCIENTIST'S REMARKABLE HEALTH DISCOVERY

THE HEALTH value of electricity in its various forms of light, heat and an invisible flow of electrons has been brought home to the public in dramatic fashion in recent times. The most eminent physicians in the land have given their blessing to electro-therapy.

THE PRESS talk of "Happy Daventry." People, they tell us, who live within the charmed circle of powerful wireless waves enjoy better health and feel more buoyant and cheerful. It is also said that telephone operators, thanks to their headphones, almost invariably have splendid heads of hair.

And now a well-known British scientist offers an explanation, and by means of a new invention brings electricity as a healing force within the reach of all.

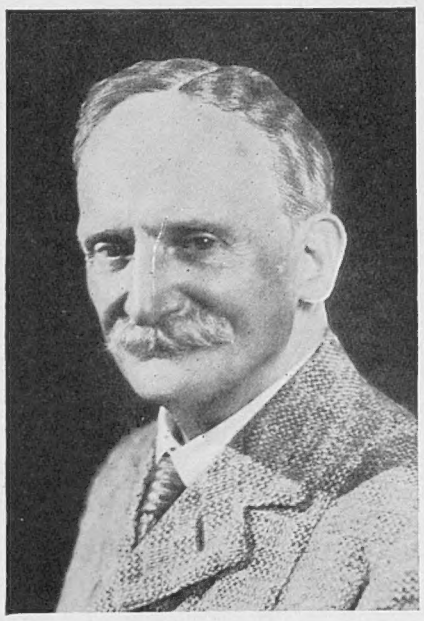
THE SECRET OF YOUTH

MR. OVERBECK, who is a fellow of so many societies representative of culture, science and the arts (he is a F.R.S.A. and F.P.C. (Lond.) to mention but two) has written a book entitled "A New Electronic Theory of Life," which throws a flood of light on the relation between electricity and life.

In his book, Mr. Overbeck says: "... Life is an electric manifestation ... the lack of electricity alone produces old age and decrepitude All bacteria-free diseases represent simply electrical unbalance."

APPLYING his principles in a practical form, Mr. Overbeck has produced an electrical instrument for self-treatment, which has been given the appropriate name of Overbeck's Rejuvenator.

Mr. Overbeck has taken his own medicine, and claims to have banished those old-age infirmities which a lifetime devoted to laborious research had heaped upon him. So that to-day, at seventy years of age, he feels like a man of thirty, and is mentally more alert than ever. Before he took to using his Rejuvenator, his doctor told him to make his will, as his heart was so weak that he had not long to live. The heart disease has gone, as well as the kidney trouble from which he was a lifelong sufferer. His spectacles (worn for years) are no longer required.



Mr. O. Overbeck, F.R.S.A., F.P.C. (Lond.), the well-known scientist, whose remarkable health discovery has aroused world-wide interest, and brought relief to sufferers in every civilised land.

MISS MARGUERITE MILES

The well-known comedienne and producer, whose grateful letter, printed on this page, shows how she banished Neuritis in the arm, after sixteen years, by means of the wonderful electrical instrument known as Overbeck's Rejuvenator.

A WONDERFUL ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENT

VERY soon the Press was talking about Mr. Overbeck's discovery. The "Daily Express" gave a full account of his invention. The Grimsby correspondent of the "Sunday Dispatch" wired: "Grimsby is becoming a Mecca of old people anxious to be made young. Mr. Overbeck, the Grimsby scientist, told me he was being overwhelmed by applicants suffering from various ailments who wished to submit to treatment from the machine which, Mr. Overbeck claims, restores the balance of the electric current in the human system."

The Press of the Empire and of foreign countries followed suit, and before long unsolicited orders for the Rejuvenator began to pour in from every civilised land. World patents, therefore, were taken out. A name had to be chosen for the instrument. "It has rejuvenated me. It will rejuvenate others. I will call it 'Overbeck's Rejuvenator,'" was a happy thought, and under this aptly chosen name it has gone forth on its mission of healing to the Far East and the Far West, to the Far North and the Far South. **Even in remote islands of the Pacific and little "sugar islands" of the West Indies, even in the "Purple Land" below the Equator in the New World, and amid the frozen snows of northernmost Canada, the little Rejuvenator is doing for others what it has done for Mr. Overbeck himself.**

OVERBECK'S REJUVENATOR has now undergone the ordeal of trial in cases so varied as rheumatic and gouty affections, nervous troubles, weak heart, nose, ear and throat affections, general debility, chest troubles such as asthma, goitre and many others. In all it has given such astonishing satisfaction that Mr. Overbeck has been inundated with letters of thanks and appreciation of the health benefits derived from his wonderful machine.

THE WELL-KNOWN Comedienne and Producer, Miss Marguerite Miles, writes:—

"I had had acute neuritis in my left arm for about sixteen years. That has entirely gone. I also suffered a great deal from neurasthenia. That is so much better that I expect to be free from it before long. My partner has also used it, and has gained ten pounds in weight after always having been much under weight.* More marvellous still, hair is definitely growing on his bald patch. The third member of the family to use the machine is my little wire-haired terrier, Bobbie, just thirteen years old. He had rheumatism so badly in all his paws that his legs gave way under him. He had a treatment daily, and now goes out several times a day, and runs happily along. We are indeed all three rejuvenated."

Miss Miles's letter is typical of hundreds filed away in Mr. Overbeck's study at Chantry House, Grimsby.

A DOCTOR writes:—

"It has been beneficial in a case of muscular atrophy of the legs after severe illness, and personally I have used it on my bald head, and am certainly gradually getting a good crop of hair, for which I am very thankful and pleased."

M.D., M.B., C.M., F.R.C.S.

* Overbeck's Rejuvenator, by its normalising influence, is equally successful in *reducing* weight in cases of obesity.

GOLFER'S AMAZING TRIBUTE

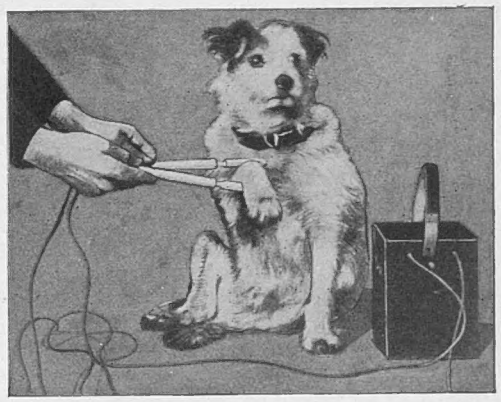
EXTRAORDINARY Tributes come from golfers and others of the sporting fraternity.

Captain J. Hall, of Bridport, Dorset, writes to the inventor of this remarkable instrument:—

"It will interest you to know how I have benefited by the use of your Rejuvenator.

"I was in a very bad state of health, suffering from Rheumatism, Neuritis, and nerve trouble and generally run down. I will admit that at first I was rather sceptical about all that was claimed for it—it sounded too good to be true. However, as medicine was not having any effect on me I decided to try your Rejuvenator.

"The result was Magical; within a week I was tremendously improved. I was able to walk about in comfort, and, what was more important, I began to get good restful nights and sound sleep, and in the morning I felt fit for business. Within a month I was able to play golf again, and have continued to do so ever since, and am able to take a real pleasure in life. My friends tell me I don't look a bit more than forty-five, and when I tell them I am fifty-six and served twenty years in India they are simply amazed."



Bobbie Miles, age 13, uses an Overbeck's Rejuvenator. His legs used to give way under him, he had Rheumatism so badly; but now he loves his daily run.

Mr. Overbeck has written a book about his Rejuvenator, replete with photo-reproductions illustrating the treatment and the instrument. Readers of "The Sphere" may obtain a copy free by completing and forwarding the form below. Readers who do not wish to cut the page may obtain the book on written application to O. Overbeck, F.R.S.A., etc., 9, Chantry House, Grimsby, mentioning "The Sphere," and enclosing 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

To O. OVERBECK, F.R.S.A.,
9, CHANTRY HOUSE, GRIMSBY.

Please send me Free Book about Overbeck's Rejuvenator, containing plates illustrating self-treatment and testimony to its power of increasing Vital Energy, Strengthening Weak Constitutions, Building Up the Muscular Tissues, Restoring Youthful Vim and Vivacity, and Giving the Elderly a New Lease of Life. I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(Please write clearly) .....

THE SPHERE, 10/5/30 .....

SPECIAL OFFER TO MEN

Without risk you can try a better way of shaving. Purchase a tube of "Field-Day." Give it a fair trial. If you are not entirely satisfied that "Field-Day" fulfils the claims set out below, return the tube to us and we will refund the purchase price and postage.

BETTER SHAVES WITH "FIELD-DAY"

1. "Field-Day" gives a perfectly smooth, clean shave in a much shorter time than soap and brush.
2. "Field-Day" soothes tender skins.
3. "Field-day" makes blades last longer.
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That we can make the above offer is proof of our complete confidence in "Field-Day."

"FIELD DAY"

AN EMOLLIENT CREAM FOR SHAVING —IT'S BETTER THAN SOAP.

awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene, is sold by chemists and stores in 1/3d. and 6d. tubes. Dept. "S."
J. C. & J. Field Ltd., London, S.E.1. Estd. 1642 In the reign of Charles I.

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Chauffeurs' Liveries

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Finest quality materials, guaranteed for hard service.

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quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head. Breathe the germicidal vapour from your handkerchief

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Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/-

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Pocket Prism TELESCOPE

Complete in soft leather bag, for pocket or handbag. **Price £3-17-6**

Wherever you would have used binoculars you can use a Watson's "VEDET." Gives equal definition, magnification, and far easier focusing than bulky, heavy binoculars. Of same construction as prism binoculars but consisting of one barrel only. An ideal companion that can be taken with you on all occasions, making the sudden happening easily discernible and enjoyable. Is but 4 ins. long and weighs 7 ozs. Magnification 8 diameters.

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You will save money by purchasing from us, knowing if you are not satisfied the goods will be taken back, and the money returned.

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Size	Yds.	each
	$1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$	7/9
,,	2 × 2	13/6
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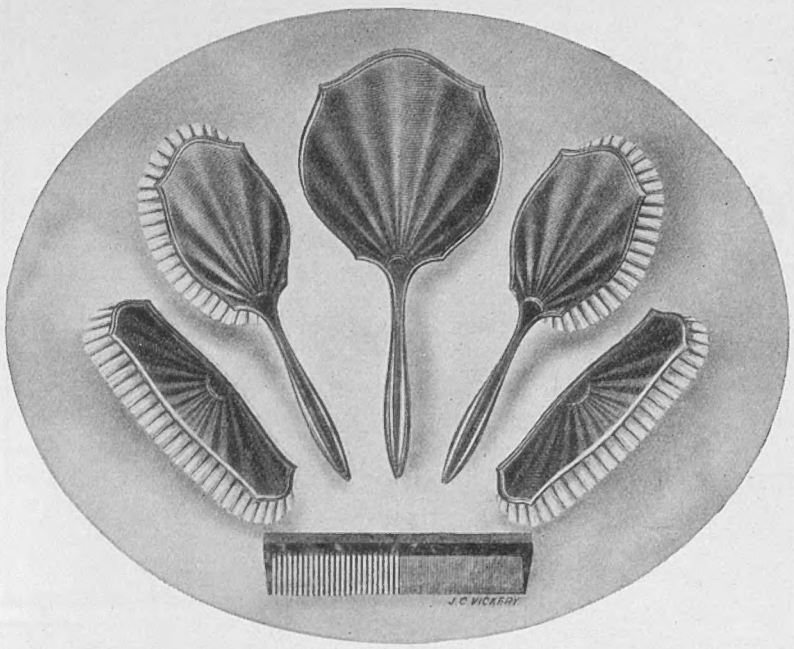

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Nattier Blue, Jade Green, or Mimosa Enamel,
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A Visit of Inspection invited.

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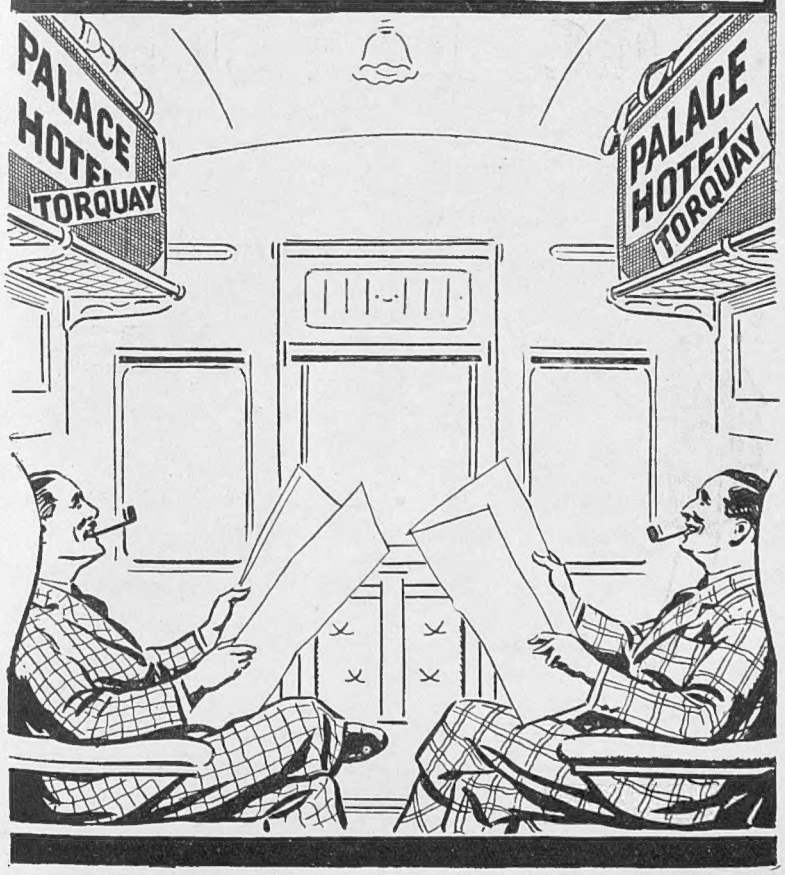

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Tennis Frock. In "Sildick" pure Silk Washing Crêpe-de-Chine, beautifully cut and finished. Self stitched collar and belt. Stocked in several sizes. In white and a few lovely colours.
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Washing Frock. In "Sildick" pure Silk Washing Crêpe-de-Chine. Particularly suitable for full figures. Becoming neck with strappings of white and pearl buttons introduced down front. Stitched belt of self material. In many good colours and stocked in several sizes.
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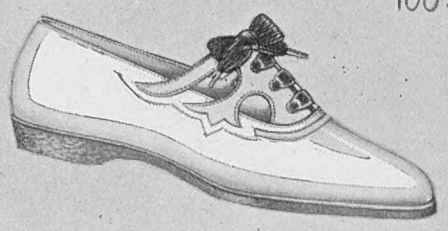

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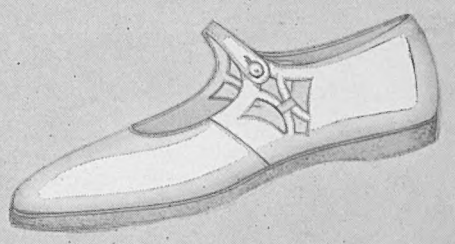

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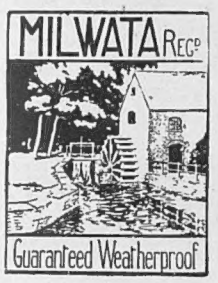

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THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXI. No. 1581 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 4d. } London, May 10, 1930

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WITH BYRD to the SOUTH POLE

Admiral Richard Byrd, a conqueror of the Atlantic, has achieved a very great performance in his Antarctic adventure. For two years Admiral Byrd maintained a colony of explorers in Little America, on the Bay of Whales. Under his direction great tracts of unknown country have been opened up—largely with the aid of the aeroplane. Quiet, modest, resourceful, Admiral Byrd confronted and conquered all difficulties that beset him. Greatest triumph of all, no lonely cairns stand on the frozen wastes to mark the heroism of his devoted band, for he lost never a man. On pp. 275–279 a Special Section of "The Sphere" is devoted to a pictorial record of Admiral Byrd's magnificent achievement.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, W.C., STRAND,
Wednesday, May 7, 1930.

His Blushing Honours. — My first depressions of the Academy—they are not depressions at all. Surely our national picture house is under entirely new management. I liked much of the work I saw and I was shocked or reduced to giggles by very much less than I expected. I approved the exhibits of Mary Elwell, of Sydney Lee, of Margaret Williams, of Francis Dodd. I was pleased by Oliver Hall's Delhi Wall-decorations. Ernest Dinkel's *Ark* intrigued me. What of John's *Lord Spencer?* Is it a work of genius? By the giggles of the crowd I should presume it is an immortal work of genius. But is the reigning Earl indeed a K.G. and a G.C.V.O.? And is he a fair type of Household Cavalry officer that he should be immortalized in that glare and glamour and garb? And are his eyes so prominent? The seventh earl is not as his portrait by John suggests.

Peter Pan.—Sir James Barrie keeps his seventieth birthday on the 9th, the third son of David Barrie of Kirriemuir, better known as "Thrums," in Forfarshire. An elusive man, an illogical man. He is a literary member of the Order of Merit, and yet it would be hard to say which of his popular works reveals that large percentage of infinite pains which must for ever make up an abiding work of genius. Can a man win immortality on *Peter Pan* alone? On *The Little Minister?* Does Barrie's greatness rest on his total output, or on a single work, or on his own charm? An illogical man. He detests publicity, and latterly has been constantly making public speeches, or writing letters to the Press elaborately funny. He loathes show and is a literary baronet. But a man deservedly loved. With a rich vein of sentimentality, a generous heart, a kindly nature, a wonderful insight into the mentality of the very young, a giver in secret of material comfort, and of comfort infinitely more valuable.

Those Terrible War Books.—It sticks in my mind that the "burning topics of the hour" on which between Clapham and Carstairs we pen forceful letters to the Press, are kept alive on purpose. Time and again some logical letter writer has pinned down for ever the vital point at issue in some question or other, but it is suffered to flutter out again, too valuable a butterfly for the stink pot. Do these lurid war books libel the brave dead? Do they give a fantastically distorted picture of life at the front? Do they encourage or kill the will to war? Yes and no; they do and they don't. The formed characters of grown men are not so easy to alter. The honest pauper who comes into a fortune finds it very difficult to get the trick of spending money freely. The normal, decent man, even in adversity or deadly peril or intolerable discomfort, finds it terribly difficult to cast his honest, simple slough and wriggle out a poisonous viper. Even the war, which was bad enough, was quite unable to accomplish the herculean labour of changing normal decency to abnormal indecency. Hence it was that during four long years in the mud of Flanders and the ruins of the Somme, I and my companions endured the boredom and got through the beastliness without changing our natures. We wrote home to our wives and studied wild flowers, and cursed a little and had an occasional Saturday-night orgy when somebody raised some champagne. And those of us who were naturally base or addicted to impolite vices remained base and pursued our vices much as we do in peace (but with infinitely fewer opportunities). The truth is, we are conspiring to set up Mars as a frightful, glass-chewing pirate who can make human beings walk the plank. Whereas in fact he is nothing but a bloated, pot-bellied club bore with a taste for theatricals.

The Idle Rich.—The Fulham by-election has whispered its little message. For some weeks since the Budget speech the tiny class of direct taxpayers has shown signs of awakening from sleep, not (needless to say) to proceed to constructive action but to register its time-honoured and polite protest before going to sleep again. There was, for instance, Lord Inchcape's little threat (so typical and topical an April bombshell) that if the camel's back is further strained, the camel will lie down. And there are the bushels of mild objections to the title of "idle rich." Never was a juster label bestowed. The little class bears and will go on bearing its unjust and unequal burden solely because it *is* idle. The class which pays direct taxes may be numerically infinitesimal, but the number of those voters whose whole livelihood depends on the savings of thrifty men, on the incomes of honest workers (from minor civil servants to millionaires), aggregates a mighty force in the country. If this 2 per cent. of the population (who are also best educated for the task) were to spend two hours a week on verbal propaganda to influence those voters who batten on them, instead of penning futile letters to the highbrow Press, it might be that at the next election the footman, the odd man, the gardener, the clerk, the labourer, the operative, whom the outraged employer politely threatens with dismissal in *The Times*, might really hear something to his advantage and cast his vote for the goose which lays *his* golden egg.

Battle and Murder.—The prayer for delivery from battle and murder and sudden death has indeed taken on an added significance in our day, for our literature is largely concerned with crime and the war, and in our news accidents bulk importantly. Publishers of my acquaintance admit rather anxiously that the stream of war literature is by no means dammed. Like buyers of rubber they must make their purchases in advance and may very well find themselves left to hold the baby. One publisher tells me he has four budding "All quiets" on the stocks. As for rehashes of famous murder stories, there is no end to them. In every case these rehashes are blatant literary pilferings. The authors rely for their facts (they usually miss the vital ones), their law, and their colour, on the painstaking authors of the *Notable Trials*. The temptation to retell the oft-told sordid stories conquers the most respectable. Of late, even country vicars have taken up this base source of profit. I can think of no better luxury tax than a graduated tax on the exploitation of famous trials. Thus: Madeline Smith, £25; Greenwood, Armstrong, Crippen, £20; Brides-in-the-Bath Smith, £15; and so on. A tax would also be enforced on the purchasers of war and crime books, being levied by a 6d. impost on every copy, including review copies, sent away by the publishers, until the book reached the remainder stage. Now, why not?

INAUGURATION: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald speaks on the telephone from No. 10 to Canberra saying to the Premier of Australia: "My dear Scullin, we are not exporting any Ashes this season." With Mr. MacDonald is Mr. Lees Smith, P.M.G.

The Duchess of Bedford.—Sportsman, naturalist, and pioneer of air travel, the Duchess of Bedford, who derives not the smallest satisfaction from publicity, has been much in the public eye of late. Her latest flight is an astonishing record of pluck and endurance, and underlines the truth that in air adventure women hold their own with men in pluck and hardihood. Incidentally, it is worthy of note that to-day the roll of British duchesses gives a fine average of ability, of initiative, and independent character. The Duchesses of Atholl, of Hamilton, of Bedford, of Portland, and of Richmond, representing a quarter of the roll, are all remarkable women who in different spheres stand out on their own merits and have influenced their generation quite apart from their position in Society. And still in our own times, but of a previous generation, the Duchesses of Rutland, Bedford, Sutherland, and Somerset, set a high standard of initiative in different spheres of life which their successors have maintained.

New Worlds to Conquer.—M. Esnault-Pelterie is no vulgar sensation maker, a man reckless of the wisdom of his prophecies so long as he can secure an effect. He is perfectly sure that in fifteen years' time a journey to the moon will be perfectly feasible. Using the Oberth discovery, propulsion by rocket at two miles per second (7,000 m.p.h.) will be the motive force. The same force will enable good Americans to reach their Valhalla (Paris) in twenty-five minutes. M. Pelterie comes to us as a ray of sunshine after the gloom caused by Lord Birkenhead's prophecies of 2030. If we are to have a new world to colonise within fifteen years, the horrible familiarity of every far corner of the earth will be alleviated. The new moon should suffice to keep amused the bright young things of three generations. I dream of a sort of lunar Canberra or Delhi; of a day when we remove the Houses of Parliament and the Government offices to an official capital (by Lutyens) in the moon, for I presume that the ungrateful task of colonisation (as a prelude to conceding self-government) will as usual be Britain's. It would be nice, if in fifteen years we old stagers have the earthly Britain to ourselves.

Dropping the Pilot.—The Oxford *Isis* has come to the conclusion that a victim must be found. It considered that the last straw had been laid on the camel's ancient back when the *narrowness of Oxford's defeat* in the boat race was hailed as a triumph. The decadence of young Oxford is an out-worn gambit. The fault (dear Brutus) lies not in ourselves but in our coach if we be underdogs. The coach (or coaches) must go. It is well. Lilac time is at hand at Oxford, Oxford's carnival-time is come, and Oxford's journal comes out punctually with a silly-season topic. Poor coaches; they took a big risk, if you remember, this year. For they resigned in a body until they were suffered to have their way in the composition of the crew, entailing the displacement of the President. A mere reduction in the margin of defeat was not enough to save them from the consequences of their action. They must go, *pour encourager les autres*. But I fancy you will always find men of the bulldog breed, ready to devote their whole time to the coaching of a crew of oarsmen. It is one of those mysterious delights which I cannot comprehend.

Mr. Boothby.—As if to prove to Mr. Snowden that under the Chancellor's bludgeoning his head remains unbowed, Mr. Bob Boothby turned a complete somersault in his car on Friday last, crawled out, was patched up, and returned home to devise further plans for baiting the grave signors on the Treasury bench. That young man has a hard head beneath a three-inch thatch, and being under the protection of the good fairies and Mr. Churchill, and possessed of any amount of self-confidence, a thick skin, and a nimble wit, is destined to travel a long way, with, I daresay, a somersault or two. He has, moreover, that necessary pinch of the Scot in him, and one day posterity will worry itself about what were his dying words. But he is not thinking of saying them yet.

Aere Perennius.—One of the most cheering utterances of last week was made by Canon Alexander who recorded the expert opinion that after seventeen years of reconstruction work St. Paul's Cathedral is now safer that when Wren built it, provided that no deep foundations are dug immediately round it. Our ancient constitution is in the melting pot. It always has been. Our social order is disintegrating, as it should. Prized institutions are being everywhere scrapped. Ancestral estates are breaking-up. There is a bathing-hut in Hyde Park, and a car park building in Glastonbury's Close. But it seems that the view which Dr. Johnson had of St. Paul's from the window of his attic in Gough Square, where the great Dictionary grew, is safe for another 300 years. Go and look at that view. It is one of the world's finest prospects. Ring the bell at No. 17 Gough Square and you will spend a profitable half-hour with the memories of two solid British institutions which will survive the changes and chances of this present time. THE OLD STAGER.

AWAITING THE ELUSIVE COURIER: Nahas Pasha, Prime Minister of Egypt, who after a deadlock with the Foreign Secretary, awaited a courier by air from Cairo. Early last week he was due to arrive, but it was learned he had not started. He actually arrived last Monday

THE ACADEMY BANQUET: The Duke of York speaking at the famous Saturday evening gathering. The tables were laid in Gallery III. Mr. Oliver Hall's two Indian panels are on the wall behind the Prince

IN THE THIRD GALLERY: A moment during Private View Day when Burlington House was thronged

PRIVATE VIEW DAY at the ROYAL ACADEMY

"The Sphere" Glances at the Highlights here and on pages 280–1

ARTISTS IN DIFFERENT FIELDS: Mr. Henry Ainley with Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E., A.R.A.

THE FRIENDLY RIVALS: Mr. Ernest and Mrs. Dod Procter, the principals of the Newlyn School

A SOCIETY FUNCTION: Earl Beauchamp, the distinguished Liberal Peer, and Lady Ashley arrive for the Private View of the Royal Academy. Times have changed greatly, for not so many years ago no photographs whatsoever might be taken in the galleries, and no reproductions of the pictures might appear before Opening Day—the Monday after the Private View

THE SEASON OPENS IN

"COME DOWN TO KEW": A magnificent burthen of blossom before the pagoda at the great gardens on the river—Justly a spot to which many Londoners are wending their way

THE ANTIPODEAN DEBUT: A moment during the Australians' first match in England. They beat Worcestershire on the Cathedral-shadowed ground at Worcester

CHALLENGING AMERICA: Sir Thomas Lipton and his yacht *Shamrock V*, at Gosport. They will challenge America, who have held the cup for eighty years

THE BREAKER OF RECORDS: Her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, who, with her pilot, Captain Barnard, flew to the Cape and back in nineteen days. Had it not been for a slight mishap in Bulgaria the time would have been diminished by over a day. The Duchess (who is sixty-four) is seen above at Croydon amid the congratulatory crowds who welcomed her with the enthusiasm so great a feat deserved. The machine has been on exhibition near India House in the Strand

AT THE CHURCH OF MARRIAGES: Mr. John Thompson Fitzadam-Ormiston with his bride, Miss Joyce Gold, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The groom, unusually, is carrying an umbrella

THE MONTH OF MAY

ARMED WITH AN OBSOLETE WEAPON: The 3rd Dragoon Guards, armed with the lance, recently decreed obsolete in Britain, rehearse for their musical ride at Olympia

QUEEN OF THE MAY: Miss Gladys Goodwin, crowned Queen of the May at Browning Hall, Walworth, with her attendants

THE FIRST BRITISH WOMAN TO BE MARRIED IN NOTRE DAME SINCE MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS: The Hon. Anne Tyrrell, daughter of our Ambassador, and Mr. Adrian Holman

MARRIED AT HIGH NOON: Mr. Lister Hartley and Miss Lucila d'Alkaine leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding on the last day of April

WELCOME HOME: Miss Evelyn Laye, the distinguished star of musical comedy, seen in the boat-train that bore her to London after her American success in *Bitter-Sweet*. *Inset above*—A FORCEFUL PLEADER OF THE (CENTRE) COURT: Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody, who will defend her title at Wimbledon. Contrary to precedent, she arrived alone. The ladies' champion is playing no mixed this year as she wants to devote some time to art exhibitions. She is partnering Miss Ryan in the Ladies' Doubles. Madame Pokerface has packed twenty-six racquets in her trunks

The Christus: *Herr Alois Lang conning his part*

PREPARING for the PASSION PLAY

The author of the accompanying article has recently spent some time in Oberammergau, now in the throes of ardent preparation for its great religious pageant. Mr. Bradley-Birt has, in point of actual fa t, been staying with Herr Alois Lang, the Christus of the plays

By F. B. BRADLEY-BIRT

For months Oberammergau has been a scene of tireless activity preparing for the Passion Play. Every tenth year for 300 years, with but few unavoidable omissions, the play has been performed in the village in fulfilment of a vow. In the autumn of 1632 the plague descended upon this and neighbouring villages in the Bavarian Alps with such virulence that some of them were almost completely wiped out.

By the spring of 1633 Oberammergau itself had lost nearly one-sixth of its inhabitants, including its two priests and the sacristan. Terror-struck, as the plague still increased, the survivors met together in the church and took a vow that a Passion Play should be held every ten years in the village from that time on for ever if they were spared to reinaugurate it. As if in answer to their prayers on that very day the plague was stayed, and not another inhabitant of Oberammergau died from it.

True to their vow, the villagers performed a Passion Play in the following year, 1634. It was probably no new idea. Doubtless plays of the kind had been held in these villages from time immemorial. The vow was only to make it a permanent memorial and emphasize the meaning of it. It is a wonderful record that it has been maintained through all the years when it was little more than a local celebration before travel facilities brought the crowds from the outside world and made it famous. If modern conditions have made themselves felt in Oberammergau, as it is unavoidable that they should, it may be remembered to the honour of its villagers, that in a wholly religious spirit they kept true to the vow their forefathers had made when the performance of it brought them neither wealth nor fame.

The year 1920 was one of the few occasions when the play was due and was not held. Oberammergau had paid its toll in the Great War, and conditions were still such that it was not possible to hold it till 1922. Even in that year it was carried through under difficulties. To the present year, with its greater promise, the villagers have long looked forward, and months before 1930 dawned, preparations were begun. The first excitement came last autumn with the allotting of the parts. For the villagers themselves that is the most thrilling moment in connection with the play. For generations the traditions connected with it have been bred into them. Their ancestors for 300 years have played these parts, and it is small wonder that their descendants should not only be peculiarly suited to follow them in those parts, but that the ambition of each one of them should be to be chosen to follow in their steps.

For the chief part there are generally many suitable candidates, and the selection committee has a difficult task. It consists of twenty-four members, twelve being the local council, ten elected by the adult male population of the village, and two honorary members—the village priest and the former director of the play. Meeting for a solemn service in the church the members of the committee are adjured to waive all personal considerations and select only those they honestly believe to be best fitted in every respect for the parts. Dramatic ability and personal similitude must be of no account unless backed up by life and character. One has only to move about amongst those chosen for this performance, as I have recently done, to realize not only how rightly has the selection committee chosen, but how deeply those selected realize the honour conferred upon them, and how earnestly they are striving to fit themselves in every way to play worthily their parts.

Anton Lang is still the great figure in Oberammergau. On three occasions, in 1900, 1910, and 1922 he played the part of the Christus, never missing a single performance. It is only advancing years that make him no longer available, and this year he has been allotted the part of the Prologue. His magnificent head and fine features, with their deeply-spiritual expression, would make him an outstanding figure anywhere. Alois Lang, who has been chosen to succeed him, was his understudy last time, and there can be little doubt that he will give a fine representation. His atmosphere of youth and vigour, coupled with his powerful voice, should make a great appeal. Andrea Lang, the ideal St. Peter of 1910 and 1922 is nearing seventy, and he too has to make way for a younger man, but he will be seen as the venerable Simon of Bethany, and with his strong, keen features and patriarchal head he should lend new dignity to the part. His successor as St. Peter is Peter Rendl, and it would have been difficult to find one more fitted to carry on his great traditions. Moreover he, as it were, inherits the post, for his father played it for thirty years last century. Guido Mayr, who last time played Judas so dramatically that he earned the hostility of the crowd as a tribute to his acting, plays the same part again. I found him busy at work when I went to see him, a kindly, warm-hearted man, cheerfully obeying the decision of the Selection Committee, and playing the most hated part to the best of his ability. St. John is a fair-haired youth of twenty, Johannes Lang playing the part for the first time, his predecessor, Melchior Breitsamter, having outgrown it and now being cast for the part of Pontius Pilate.

John and the Magdalene: *Herr Hans Lang and Fraulein Hausi Preisinger in their ordinary clothes*

Three generations of the Rutz family are appearing in the play this time. Jakob Rutz, aged eighty-three, has taken a part since 1860. For twenty years he was the leader of the choir. He is still singing in it. His son, Hugo Rutz, takes the part of Caiaphas as he did in 1922, playing it with a dramatic fervour that made it an outstanding performance. His son again, another Hugo Rutz, aged sixteen, is the Angel of the Resurrection. Every day father and son are to be seen busy at their forge, shoeing a long succession of horses and oxen, picturesque figures in a picturesque setting, with their long hair falling about their faces as they stoop over their work.

Another branch of the Rutz family provides the Madonna. There are only two chief women's parts in the play, and for none were there more aspirants than for that of the Madonna. There the Selection Committee had its most difficult task. That the final choice fell upon Anni Rutz came as a surprise to her and to many in Oberammergau, but no one who has met her will question the wisdom of the choice. A shy, beautiful girl, giving one the impression of considerable latent force of character behind the quiet manner, she is in appearance and dimensions an ideal representative of the Madonna. Johanna Preisinger, a girl of singular charm, who plays the Magdalene, is again well chosen. Her greater vividness and vitality should form an effective contrast to the more placid and resigned figure of the Madonna.

The streets of Oberammergau are full of other participants in the play passing to and fro, busy at their ordinary occupations between rehearsals. One can recognize them by their long hair which they have had perforce to grow since selection-day and which makes the wearing of a hat impossible. But for the strange incongruity of modern dress they might have walked straight out of the Bible story. Annas with his flowing white hair and beard, Rabbi Archelaus with his keen eyes and fine features, Barabbas—simple guileless man in real life yet with an expressive face that might well win a crowd's sympathy—St. Thomas, Herod, Philip, Andrew, Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea.

They are all to be met with, the very pictures of our childish imagination come to life, their personalities triumphing even over their twentieth-century setting and their modern clothing. It is this clash of the old and the new that so constantly strikes one in Oberammergau to-day. Through the window of his shop one catches a glimpse of one of the Apostles bending over his carpenter's bench with a telephone close beside him, another flashes by on his motor-bicycle, his long hair streaming in the breeze, a third is slowly driving his oxen down the main street, the whole scene here a perfect reproduction save only for the modern corduroys and gaiters. Roman soldiers and police guards are everywhere. Groups of laughing children with long hair play merrily in side streets and quiet corners, beautiful many of them as the angels they will represent.

In the theatre itself many improvements have been made. It has been enlarged till it can now hold 5,300 spectators, while the stage and the dressing-rooms behind have been rebuilt. Herr Georg Johann Lang, a sculptor by profession and leader of the Passion Play in 1922 and again this year, has brought his experience and his artistic skill to bear. It is he who has designed the new stage scenery, which is now worked by the latest modern contrivances, but though he has made some innovations both in the production of the play and in its setting, they are not such as in any way to form a break with tradition or to affect its continuity.

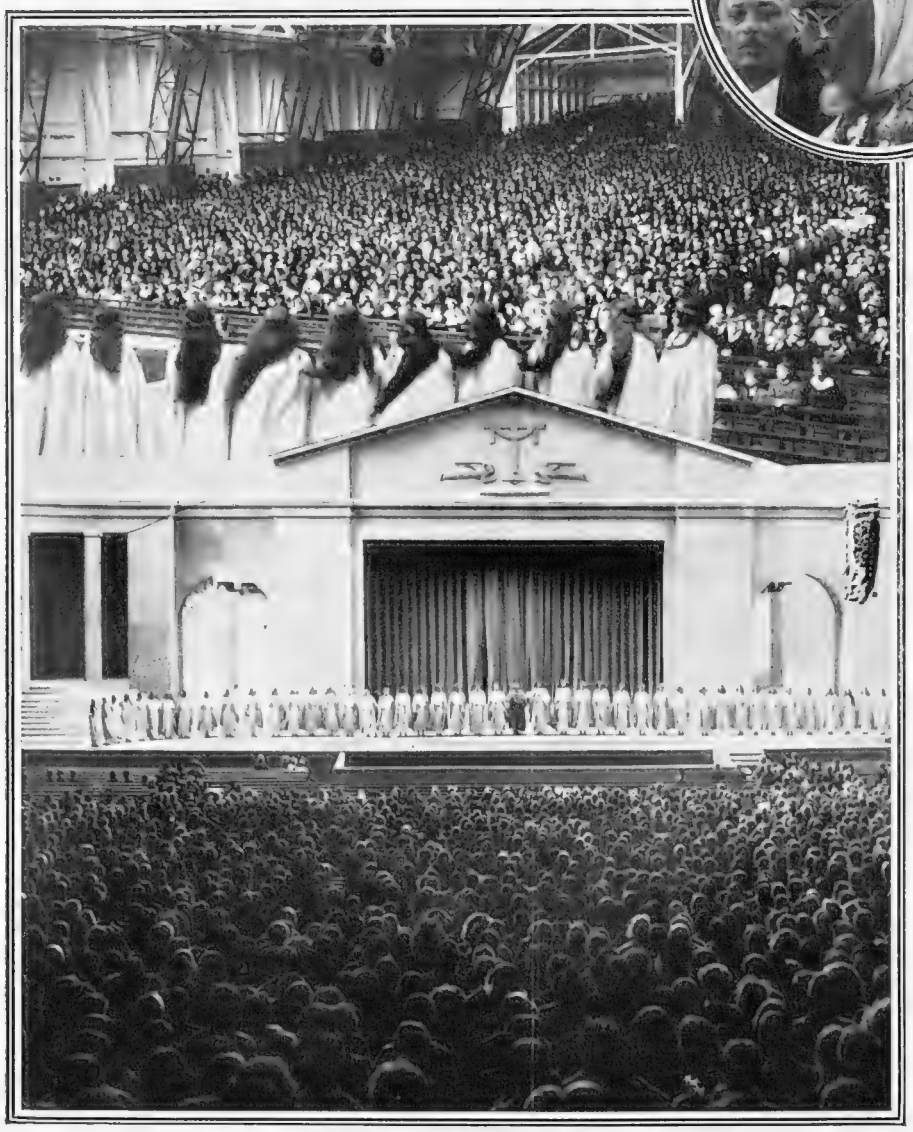
"Upon this Rock": *Herr Peter Rendl as Peter, the rock on which the Church was founded*

ALGERIA *en FÊTE.*

The Ceremony Celebrating the Centenary of French Rule: Shakespeare Honoured in New York

THE ALGERIAN CENTENARY: President Doumergue greets the native chiefs at the Governor's Palace. *Inset*—BACH AGHA DJELLOUL WELCOMES THE PRESIDENT

THE TRIUMPH OF THE TRICOLOR: President Doumergue, with members of the French Government, who arrived in a battleship escorted by the Navy, attended a march past of French and native troops. The President is seen above leaving the War Memorial



THE CONSECRATION OF THE PASSION PLAY THEATRE: The new open-air playhouse where the greatest religious drama in the world is to be staged was consecrated by Cardinal Dr. von Faulhaber, the Archbishop of Munich, capital of Bavaria, in which province the "tremendous village" of Oberammergau is situated

HONOUR OUT OF HIS OWN COUNTRY: The ceremonial of wreath-laying on April 23 (the 366th anniversary of the Bard's birthday) on Shakespeare's statue in Central Park, New York. Princess Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich lays a British flag in her tribute

PEOPLE and EVENTS of the WEEK

Flying to Australia: Mr. Mark Symons and his Daughter: Hocktide at Hungerford: A Martyr Interred at Westminster Cathedral

"TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY IT SHOULD GO": Mr. Mark Symons, whose considerable canvas, *Were You There When They Crucified My Lord* (reproduced on page 281), is a feature of this year's Academy, shows his little daughter, Molly, how to mix the colours

EMULATING HINKLER: Miss Amy Johnson who left Croydon at 7.45 on Monday morning to fly solo to Australia. A member of the London Aeroplane Club and the only woman to hold a ground engineer's licence, Miss Johnson, who is only twenty-two, flies a Moth 'plane christened *Jason*

KISSES FROM THE LADIES, ORANGES FOR THE CHILDREN: The Tutti men at Hungerford collect kisses in lieu of tolls from the ladies of the village. They parade the Hampshire village with gaily-decorated staves, and will, as seen above, even climb ladders to collect their forfeits. This is an annual event in Hungerford and is celebrated at Hocktide (the first Monday and Tuesday after Easter Monday)

A MARTYR HONOURED 300 YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH: The remains of the blessed John Southworth were placed in the first shrine of Westminster Cathedral with all the pomp of the Roman Church. Southworth was hanged, drawn, and quartered for heresy. Cardinal Bourne walked behind the bier, which was wrought in crystal and bronze and covered with a silken cloth. The remains of the martyr were discovered in a field near Douai College, France, in 1927. They had been secretly buried during the Franco-English wars of the end of the XVIII century

The *NEW* INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.

By LANCELOT LAWTON—PART I.

With the mechanization of every phase of life a complete alteration is pervading the face of the civilized earth. The various causes and consequences of this remarkable development of modern life which will tend, in contrast to the First Industrial Revolution, to decentralization and, in conformity with it, to the death of agriculture, forms the subject-matter of two illuminating and searching articles by an author widely known—especially to "Sphere" readers—as much for his fearless pen as for his profound knowledge on many sides of contemporary history.

The industrial revolution now in full swing throughout the world has much in common with the industrial revolution that occurred over a century ago; but its scale is far more grandiose than was that of the earlier transformation.

The basis of the second industrial revolution is technical. It expresses itself in forms of mechanism that are amazingly ingenious and stupendously powerful. However beneficent the ultimate consequences may be, immediate results are distressing. In increasing numbers men are becoming superfluous.

Of the first industrial revolution the same was said. Then, as now, the machine at first replaced the man. For a while angry mobs went about smashing machines.

Later Marx, whose aim was to smash the system, took the machine as his main theme. He advocated not the scrapping of machinery but its control by the State in the interest of society.

Each century repeats, with variations, the processes of the preceding century and calls them by a new name, thus acquiring invigorating self-esteem. That which we now term "rationalization" was a characteristic development of the nineteenth century. Hardly an industry existed in that epoch of which it was not said that mechanization had supplanted the man. Although the aggregate in employment grew and the standard of comfort rose, unemployment became serious and chronic.

To-day the same conditions recur on a vaster scale but with distress mitigated by insurance provisions. Two characteristics which distinguish the one revolution from the other may be mentioned. The first revolution began in England, spreading gradually to other countries as these became industrialized. The second is immediately universal in its effect.

The first was confined mainly to urban industry. The second concerns agriculture not less than it does industry. The effects are at present chiefly visible in the United States, where mechanical power has been developed to a greater extent than in any other country. It has been calculated that the population of China is four times larger than that of the United States, but that the work done in the United States is ten times as much as that which could possibly be accomplished in China. The explanation is largely to be found in mechanical power, which is equivalent to placing at the elbow of each American worker 345 helpers, making in all a vast host of 3,000,000,000 men and equivalents.

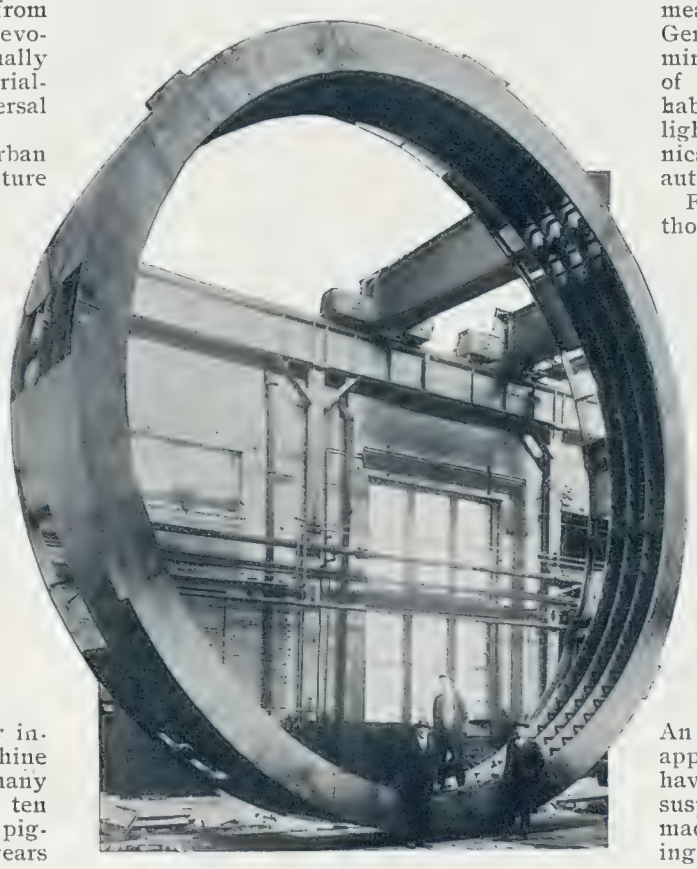
A period has now come when the human army shrinks and the mechanical army expands to fantastically colossal proportions. At the same time production grows with ever-increasing rapidity. Let us take a few industries at random. An automatic machine with three workers can now turn out as many glass bottles as were formerly made by ten workers; two workers can cast as much pig-iron as was cast by sixty workers ten years ago; many firms have doubled rubber production whilst halving labour expended for the purpose; in machine-construction works thirty workers with ten machines now perform the tasks once done with 220 workers with twenty machines.

In agriculture the attrition of man-power and the growth of mechanical power also proceeds rapidly. Since 1920 the country-side population of the United States has fallen by four millions. Machines combine several operations which formerly were carried out separately. Two workers making use of these contrivances can harvest ten acres during a single day, a task that required fifteen men and fifteen teams by the old methods. The notion that arable cultivation means high employment is obsolete in countries where spaces are vast and modern mechanism is favoured. In all parts of the European Continent similar developments are taking place in agriculture as well as in industry; everywhere electrical power is diminishing the need for human power.

THE COMING OF THE PIPE LINE AGE: One of the gigantic pieces of mechanism at the accumulating works, Neiderwarth

Whereas England led the industrial revolution of a century or more ago she is behind other nations in the present industrial revolution. Yet she can show some remarkable examples of the new mechanization. Recently I visited some works where complete automatic control had been devised for some units. A button was pressed and the plant was set going. From that moment so long as raw material lasted it continued the process of manufacture. Valve-handles moved on their own accord in response to changing lights on a board. When anything went wrong the mechanism came to a stop. But always the valves were left in a safe position ready for restarting, and audible and visible warning of an emergency was given.

In no industry has mechanization had results more important than in coal-mining. The miner with pick and shovel is passing. Both below and above the surface the modern mine is mechanized; cutting, loading, hauling, cleaning, all these operations are mechanically performed. In this country a quarter of all coal produced is won by mechanical methods. In Belgium the proportion secured by like means is 81 per cent. In the Ruhr region of Germany 75 per cent. of coal produced is mined with pneumatic picks. The coal mine of the future will not be a black hole inhabited by primitive toilers, but a well-lighted underground works where technically-trained men tend electrically-driven automatic machines.



THE MASTER-RING: 43 ft. in diameter and weighing 100,000 lb. This great piece of machinery was made at Schenectady, N.Y., for the 57,000-h.p. water-wheel electric generator made by the G.E.C. for the generating station of the New York Light and Power Co. at Spier Falls

From what has been said it must not be thought that the effects of the new industrial revolution are confined to physical workers. Mind-workers are also involved. The vast legion of clerks which has hitherto been a refuge for all those seeking to escape from manual labour is visibly shrinking. Mechanical systems of book-keeping are being introduced which enable staffs to be drastically reduced; banks make use of machines which register and re-register figures, thus dispensing with many human hands.

The old-fashioned factory-worker, the old-fashioned farm-worker, and the old-fashioned office-worker are vanishing. What of the old-fashioned domestic worker? Much has been written, and a certain amount achieved, regarding the planning of houses architecturally. An endless variety of petty mechanical appliances described as labour-saving have been devised for the home. It is now suspected that the labour saved is more than made up by the labour expended in keeping appliances clean and in order. Little wonder that the modern woman shuns domesticity.

The common dwelling stands in urgent need of technical rationalization. Hitherto the engineer has confined his attention chiefly to the factory. He considered the house beneath his notice; this explains why

(*Continued on page 300*)

Lady DRUMMOND-HAY writes WORLD AFFAIRS

Her intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

A VETERAN FEMINIST—Dame Henrietta Barnett, D.B.E., one of Britain's greatest women organizers, has just entered her eightieth year. With her husband, the late Canon Samuel Barnett, she has been responsible for the organization of the Hampstead Garden Suburb, model for innumerable other garden suburbs and improved housing schemes in various parts of the world.

More than half-a-century's experience, and contact with men and women of all categories, beginning in the days when women in public life served their duty or ideal in face of difficulties and prejudice, Dame Henrietta holds valuable views on the many problems of modern woman.

I asked her once whether she believed that the changing standards of modern woman would eventually bring about a new "code of honour" amongst women—sex-loyalty, for instance.

"You have adopted a high aim in hoping that women will accept as a normal attitude that they should be loyal to each other," the veteran feminist replied. "The attainment of that aim is, I fear, a long way off. Part of women's best characteristics is to care for individuals, and that often gets off the rails on to the bare ground of hating individuals. Hence their cruel tongues. . . ."

Dame Henrietta declares that, anyway, there is too much consideration of sex.

"Mind and spirit can be sexless, but the man Paul who said that in Heaven there would be neither male nor female, struck a high note."

Dame Henrietta believes in the possibility of successful co-operation of men and women in affairs national and international.

"When we were fighting for the vote, we had to fight as women for women. Now we can unite with men to obtain the best for mankind, irrespective of sex."

A CREATOR OF HEALTH: Dame Henrietta Barnett, D.B.E.

A GIGANTIC EMPRISE—Senior Baron Hachiroyemon, fourteenth Baron Mitsui, is planting 1,000,000 saplings in Korea in readiness for the second millennium of the romantic "Merchant Empire" of the House of Mitsui. By that time the saplings will constitute a legacy of valuable old trees.

For 1300 years the Mitsui "Dynasty" of Japanese merchant princes has flourished in increasing prosperity and national power. A hundred years before Mayer Anselm Bauer founded the famous House of Rothschild, the rich and powerful Mitsui family were centuries ahead of their time in financial enterprise and commercial organization. Takatoshi Mitsui, "Takatoshi the Great," who died in 1694, opened what is claimed to be the first "Fixed Price, Cash, no Credit" department store in the world. He ran it on twentieth-century lines of "Service" and "Publicity." Departing from all tradition, this bygone Mitsui catered for the individual customer, even to loaning oil-paper umbrellas to his clients leaving the store in an unexpected shower of rain. The umbrellas bore his name and trade-mark. Takatoshi adopted amazingly modern methods of publicity, using publications and the theatre as channels of advertising.

The Mitsui Family Constitution dates from the seventeenth century. High standards of business honesty and morality, conduct of private life, family co-operation, ideals of achievement, are included in its precepts. Upon coming of age, every Mitsui son swears the family oath at the family shrine, undertaking amongst other things to "strengthen the everlasting ancestral foundation of the families of our House, and to expand the enterprises bequeathed to us by our Forefathers. . . ."

Seventy-three-year-old Baron Hachiroyemon, according to a recent report of Mitsui activities by Miss N. A. Osborne, rules over a business whose "agencies abroad outnumber the Embassies and Consulates of the Empire. Deposits with the Mitsui Bank exceed the revenue from all the cities of Japan for 1929. In the constant safe keeping of the Mitsui lie one-fifth of all goods warehoused in the Empire. A quarter of Japan's commerce, both import and export, is handled by the Mitsui Trading Company, and 40 per cent. of her coal. Under the firm's flag or charter are 3,250,000 tons of shipping—as large a tonnage as the whole mercantile marine of France."

Estimates of the Mitsui wealth vary from £50,000,000 to £200,000,000.

THE ZEPPELIN COMES—It is a sorry day for Britain if in winning the War we have lost that spirit of sportsmanship which has been traditional British pride, and the envy of the rest of the world, for centuries. I am thinking of the visit of the *Graf Zeppelin* to London.

Easter week, twenty odd British fliers of Heston Park Air Club toured Germany with their light aeroplanes. The party included seven women. In Friedrichshafen, city of Zeppelins and of the gigantic Dornier *Do.X* twelve-motor flying-ship, they were cordially received, warmly welcomed. Captain Lehmann and Maurice Dornier gave them a unique dinner in the dining-room of the *Graf Zeppelin*, famous world-girdler, which this month starts on another epoch-making air-venture—the first non-stop mail and passenger flight from Europe to South America. The British flyers, taken across Lake Constance, were shown the almost fantastic *Do.X*, the largest heavier-than-air craft in the world. In Berlin they were fêted officially and by the German Aero Club. They returned, unstinting in praise of German hospitality, courtesy, and attention.

The end of the same week, the *Graf Zeppelin* by invitation from the Air Ministry—at the instance, I believe, of Colonel the Master of Sempill—visited England. Passed over London and, avers Captain Lehmann, at the request of the Duke of York, flew over Wembley while the Cup Final was in progress.

—AND IS WELCOMED—The *Graf Zeppelin* saluted the King by dipping three times. The King acknowledged the salute. Among the passengers were Colonel Gossage, British Military Air Attaché in Berlin, Mrs. Cleaver, noted flyer and daughter of the finance minister to Northern Ireland, and myself. At Cardington a vast throng received the famous airship in the most friendly manner and with enthusiastic interest. It made a quick and beautiful landing.

A NOBLE TRADESMAN OF JAPAN: Baron Hachiroyemon Mitsui

Dr. Hugo Eckener, who had been received by the Duke of York, entertained by the Air Ministry, the Master of Sempill, Commander Sir Charles D. Burney, and others, went on board. He had come to England from New York. As guests on the return flight Dr. Eckener took Vice Air-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker, Commander Campbell, equerry to the Duke of York, Lieut.-Colonel Richmond, designer of the *R 101*, Colonel the Master of Sempill, Mrs. Forbes Sempill, and Colonel Gossage. Among the passengers was also Miss Carstairs. In order to take on board all those who wished to make a trip in the *Graf Zeppelin* Dr. Eckener left three of his crew behind, who returned by railway. Captain Dietrich, former Zeppelin commander, also ceded his place to a British guest and returned to Germany the next day.

—BUT NOT BY THE PRESS—In contrast to all this, the London Sunday Press contained an extraordinary outburst of attacks and criticism of the *Graf Zeppelin's* visit. "Intruder," "Gate-crasher," "War Raider," "Remember the War," "German lack of sensitiveness"—a few of the mild terms used. One paper intimated that the *Graf Zeppelin* came uninvited, unwanted. The same day Dr. Eckener was entertaining his distinguished British guests in Friedrichshafen.

The Berlin Press, on the whole, ignored the London attacks, did not reprint them, emphasized rather the friendliness of the reception at Cardington. The London Press, with the exception of the *Daily Chronicle*, ignored Captain Lehmann's statement of invitation and request by the Duke of York to fly over Wembley.

The unsportsmanlike suggestion that the *Graf Zeppelin* caused them to lose the game was credited to the losing side.

The *Daily Chronicle* alone emphasized that Britain's co-operation in the planned German-American trans-ocean air traffic development was the worth-while significance of the visit. Co-operation that has now has been jeopardized.

Last year our Government declined to give permission for the *Graf Zeppelin* to fly over Egypt to Cairo. At that time I questioned in these columns the wisdom of that, since we might soon have to ask the Germans for a favour in the air. Sure enough a few months later the Imperial Airways abandoned the Mediterranean air route to Egypt and India. Berlin was asked if it might be relaid through Germany. The British request was granted. Not one German paper protested.

Are we going to let Germany establish the new tradition that a vanquished people, with the heaviest war burden known to history imposed on them, can be bigger, more broad-minded, more magnanimous than the victor?

Remember the War! Yes indeed—but remember it in the right way, the way that makes for a peaceful world.

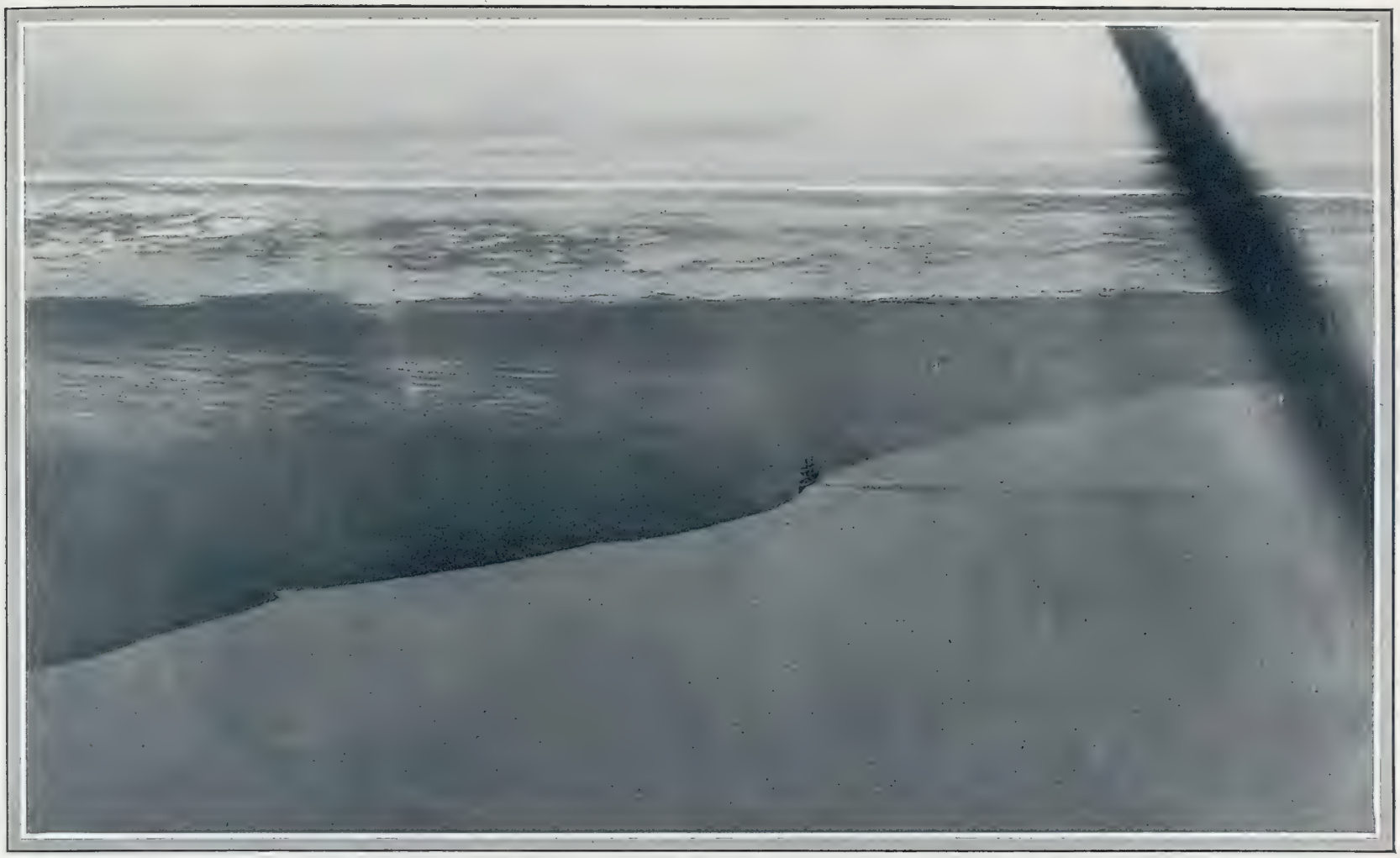
YOUTH OF RUMANIA: A scene in Bucharest, where an annual procession of the star pupils of the schools, dressed in the picturesque jackets of their national costume, is held

ENDORSING THE TREATY OF EASTERN REPARATIONS: Messrs. Goodchild (Britain), Loucheur (France), and Titulesco (Rumania), in the Salon de l'Horloge at the Quai d'Orsay. The treaty amplifies that of Trianon

To the SOUTH POLE

WITH ADMIRAL RICHARD BYRD

This Special Antarctic Section of "The Sphere" Deals with the Work of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, 1928-29-30; the Pictures are here Reproduced by Arrangement with the Expedition



A MARINE JEWEL—FRAMED IN A SETTING OF ICE: An aerial picture of the base ship of the Byrd Expedition—"The City of New York"—moored in the Bay of Whales. The ship floats in clear water at the foot of a low cliff of ice fronting the "bay-ice." In the near background are drifting masses of loose pack-ice and in the far background, marked by the white line along the horizon, are the Ice Barrier cliffs

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EMERGENCE FROM THE WINTRY CLOAK: The arduous task of digging out one of the expeditionary 'planes from the snow. Like all dark objects left on the ice, this aeroplane was so acted on by radiation that it melted its way down into the ice, and blizzards piled great drifts on it

In presenting the large section of selected pictures of Admiral Richard E. Byrd's flight to the South Pole, which has just arrived in England, "The Sphere" announces that further instalments will be published from time to time, as special arrangements have been made to enable its readers to become acquainted with an achievement which must be memorable, since, for the first time in the history of polar exploration, an American has made a long exploration trip in Antarctica, and his airplane was the first to fly over the main body of the Continent, thus covering ground on which human feet had never previously trod. In the expedition Admiral Byrd discovered some fourteen

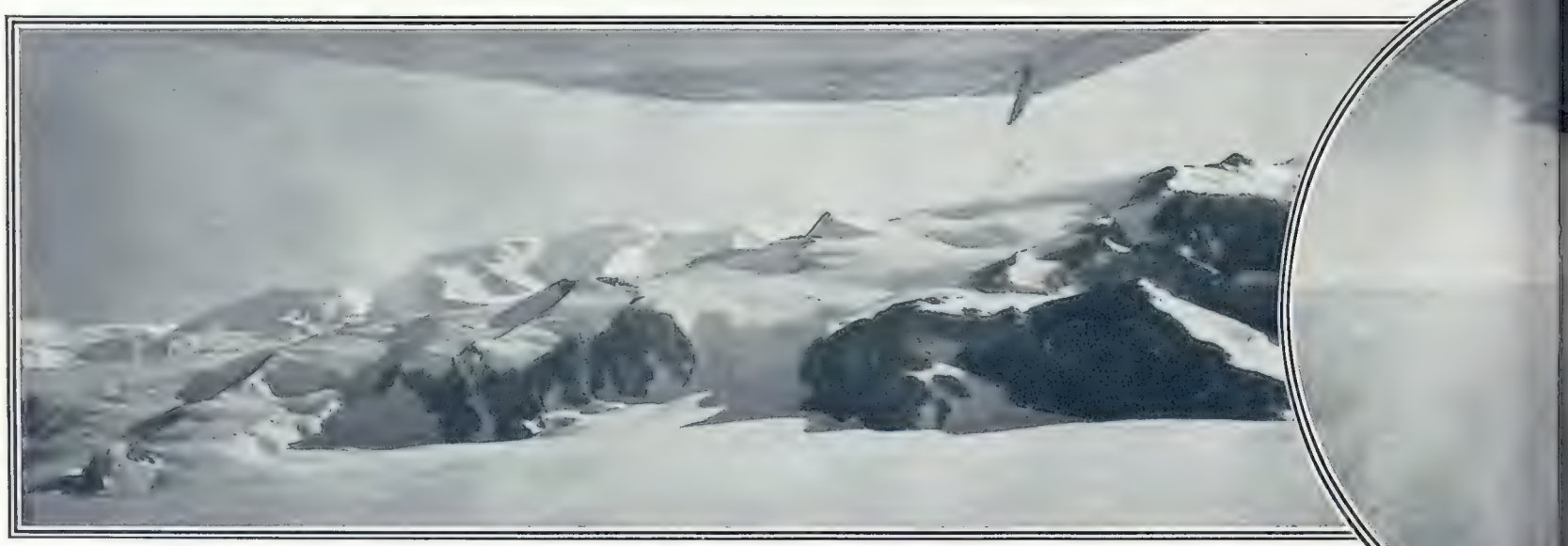
(Continued on following pages)

With BYRD to the

SAVED FROM THE SEA: Benjamin Roth, an aviation mechanic who was hurled into the sea when the Barrier cliff caved in. Admiral Byrd tried to save him but failed. Roth, who could not swim, was picked up by a "City of New York" boat

FLYING UP TOWARDS THE POLE: The edge of the great plateau, over 10,000 ft. high, which surrounds the Pole. In the immediate foreground are the "ice-falls" that mark the beginning of the descent of a great river of ice known as a glacier. It flows into the Great Barrier, 10,000 ft. below

PART OF THE GREAT PLATEAU: The ice in the foreground is possibly 2,000 ft. thick, the growth of unknown centuries. It is superimposed on land 8,000 to 9,000 ft. high. The mountains are a continuation of the Queen Maude range



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE QUEEN MAUDE RANGE: In the centre of the picture between two black masses of rock can be seen the ice-falls of the front of a glacier which is flowing down on its way to the Great Barrier. On the left of the picture are the lower slopes of another and far larger glacier

(continued from preceding page)

thousand square miles of territory to which he gave the name of Marie Byrd Land after his wife, because she is "the best sport and the noblest person I know." He also discovered fourteen mountain peaks on solid rock rising up above the snow, and one island. These mountains, extending in a chain over thirty miles in length and running north and south, will go down through the unnumbered centuries as the "Rockefeller Mountains," a tribute not to the man who is reputed to be the wealthiest in the world, but to his son, Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, Junr., "whose real austere life is

SOUTH POLE: The First Series of Pictures taken from the Air during a South Polar Flight

OVER THE QUEEN MAUDE MOUNTAINS: These were discovered by Amundsen and so named by him after his Queen. In the foreground is the noble sweep of a great glacier. The black patches indicate outcrops of rock so steep that snow and ice cannot rest on them. Inset on left—*Admiral Byrd in fur kit*

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"OVER THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD": The aeroplane is seen on its return from the South Pole as it glides over a glacier the flow of which to the Barrier is splendidly shown in the foreground. Inset on left—*THE SOUTH POLE: The historic spot whose discovery has cost so many brave men their lives*

as little known as those lonely peaks," to quote once more the words which induced the leader of the expedition to give the reason for the title he selected. With characteristic generosity to give honour even to those in humble capacities in the expedition, Admiral Byrd named one of the highest peaks after "Chips" Gould, the carpenter on both his polar expeditions, who had never been known to cease working during his waking hours, and another after George Tennant, the cook, whose gastronomic interest in a penguin adds a touch of comedy to our illustrations.

(Continued on following page

With BYRD in the

EMPEROR OF THE ANTARCTIC: George Tennant, the cook of the Byrd Expedition, regards this Adelie penguin with a gustatory anticipation

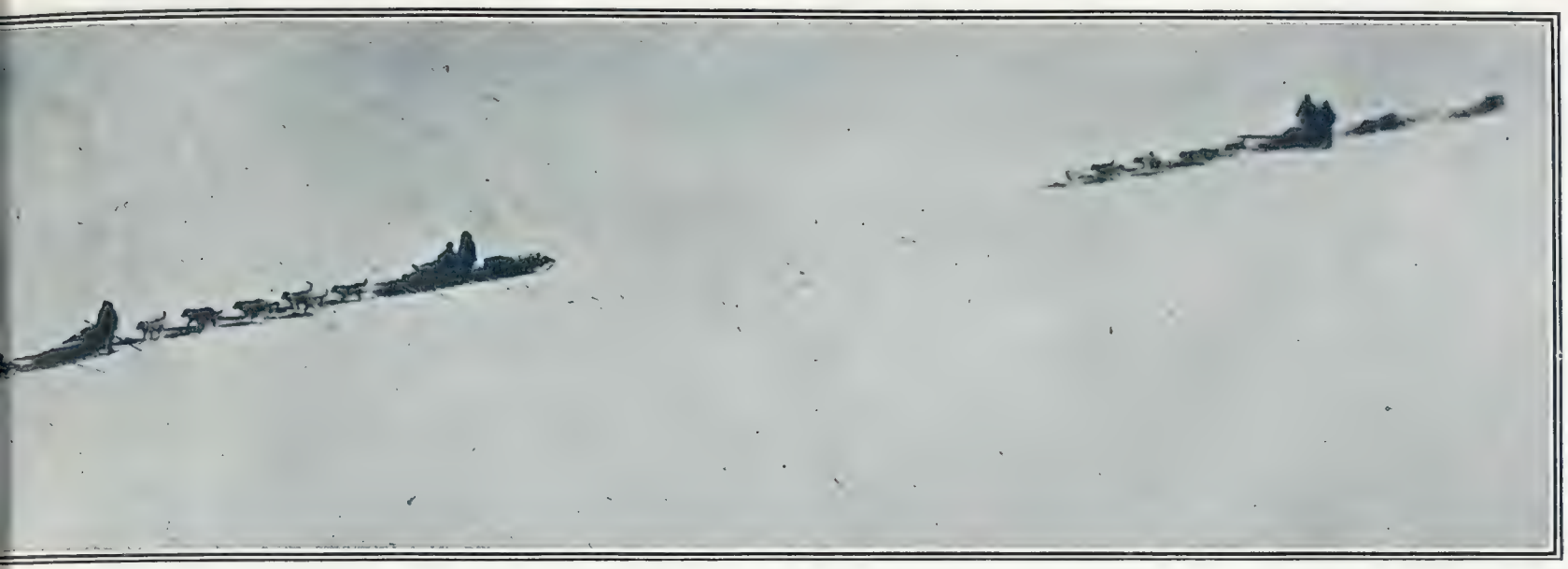
TRANSPORT OF THE FROZEN SOUTH: Apparently taken on the Barrie

LEVIATHANS IN THE POSE OF KANGAROOS: Even killer-whales have to recognize that "necessity has no laws" and, unable to come up horizontally to "blow," they were compelled by the narrowness of the crack in the ice to stand on their tails and stick their nostrils into the air

(Continued from preceding page)

While the pictorial nature of our photographs cannot fail to arrest the attention of the general reader interested in polar exploration—and what intelligent reader is not—two or three of them in particular have arrested the attention of so distinguished an Antarctic explorer as Commander Worsley, D.S.O., whose book on the Shackleton Expedition, of which he was a member, is about to be published, and to whose technical knowledge in explaining the significance of some of them "The Sphere" makes appreciative acknowledgment. In particular Commander Worsley referred to the two killer-whales whose heads stand perpendicularly out of the water. He has himself seen a similar incident but with only one

ANTARCTIC: On the ICE with the DOGS.



as there are faint indications of "sastrugi," lines caused by the strong winds which blow the snow into ridges resembling the waves of the sea

CONQUEROR OF THE ANTARCTIC WASTES: At the edge of the Great Barrier. The cliffs of ice are part of the front of the mighty ice sheet larger than France and about 1,000 ft. thick

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A STURDY LITTER: Amid the eternal snow and ice of Antarctica these puppies were born, and such was her devotion to them that their mother, Lady, was easily recognized as the best mother in the camp

SKI AND SKY: Two pups, adopted by Captains McKinley and Parker

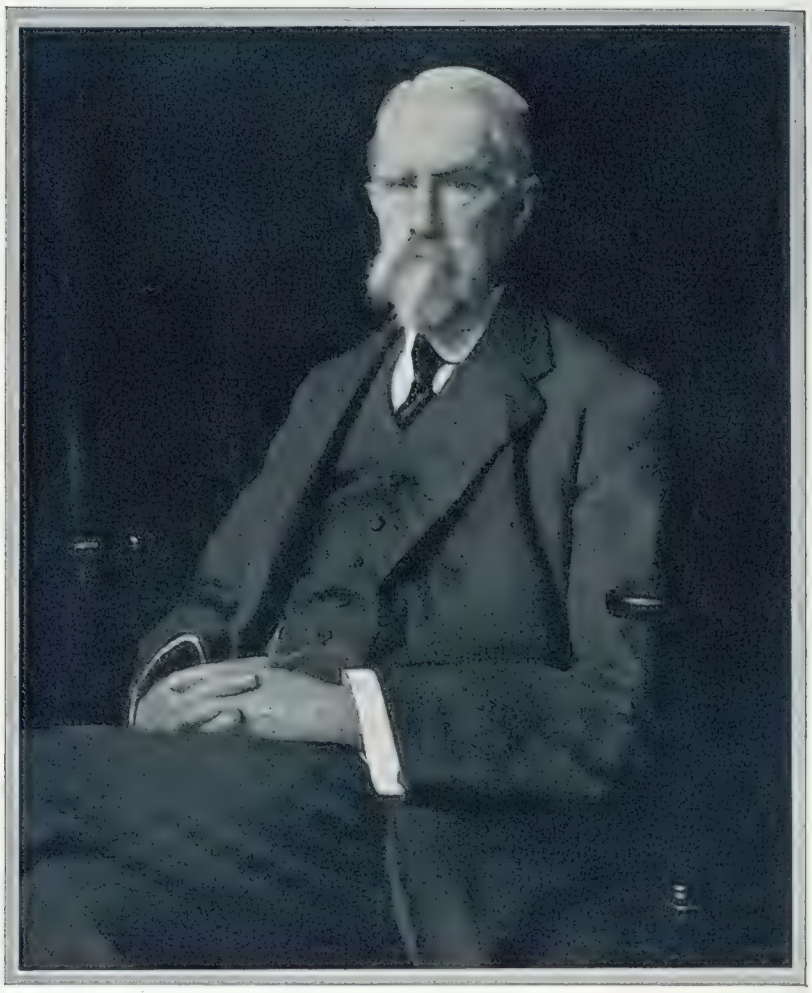
FOR THE WELL-DRESSED EXPLORER! Covered with wind-proof material, this mask, made as an experiment, proved effective

whale. In coming up to breathe in this way he is of opinion that the whale makes a rapid survey of any small floe on which seals are basking. If it sees them it swims to the floe, tips up one end of it, thus throwing the seals into the water, where it kills them, if possible, for food. Occasionally, however, the seals escape, and the Commander has seen them with deep scars on their sides, evidence of their painful escape from their enormous agile enemies.

The ROYAL ACADEMY, 1930

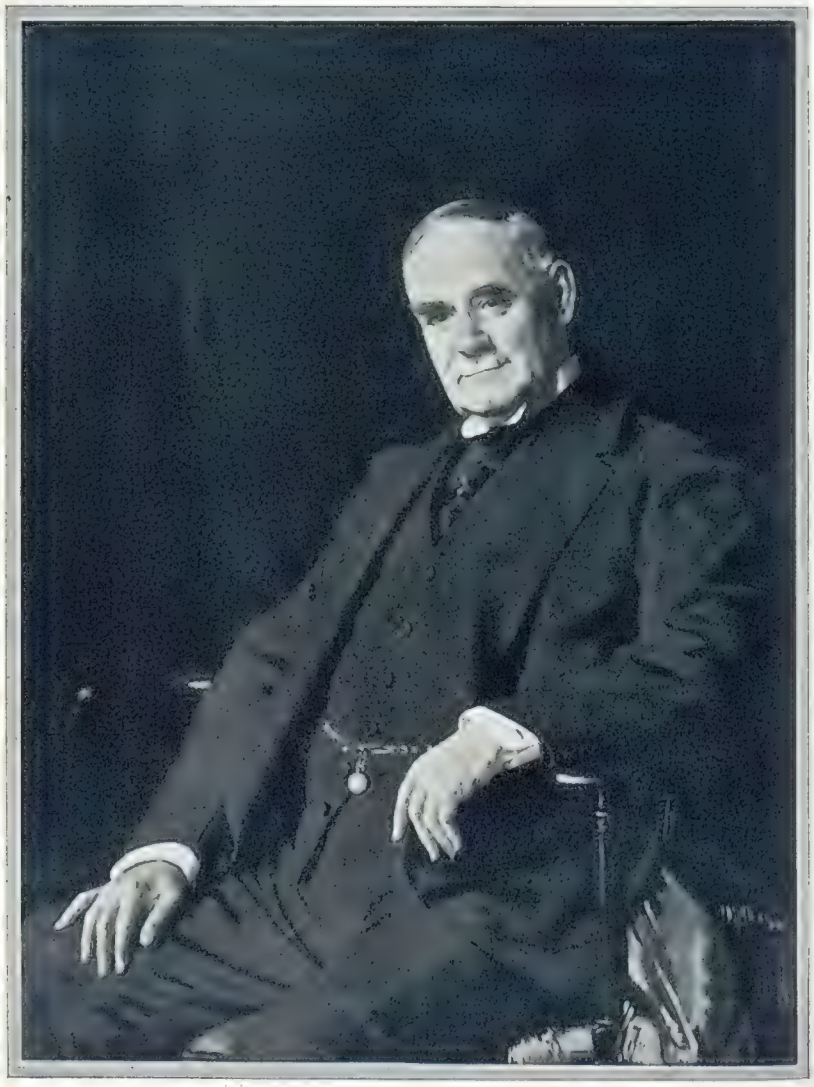
Four Examples of Portraits—The Strength of the 162nd Exhibition

"His Grace the Archbishop of York," by **Thomas C. Dugdale.** *The second in command of the Church of England, Scholar of Rugby, Exhibitioner of Balliol, Fellow of Queen's, sometime Bishop of Manchester*



"Rodolph Fane de Salis," by **G. Spencer Watson, A.R.A.** *The great figure of the Canal World. President of the Canal Association, Chairman of the Grand Junction Canal Co. and the Singer Co.'; educated at Eton and Trinity Hall; born 1854*

"The Right Hon. The Viscount Brentford," by **Sir Arthur S. Cope, R.A.** *The inimitable "Jix"—known recently as Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Postmaster-General, Minister of Health, ardent Protestant, Home Secretary, and hearty patriot, who did more to break the General Strike of 1926 than anyone else*



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"Sir Henry Renwick, Bart.," by **Sir William Orpen, R.A.** *At the Ministry of Food, 1917–18, the chairman of many electric lighting companies, and one of the greatest figures in the world of electricity, ever growing in national importance. A very typical example of this noted artist's brilliant brush-work*

The ROYAL ACADEMY, 1930

Striking Pictures of Classic and Religious Scenes Treated with Modern Technique

"Were you there when they crucified my Lord?" **by Mark Symons.** *This striking canvas illustrates, of course, the priestly dictum that Christ is crucified every day, and displays modern (though perennial) types at Calvary. The emphasis should be placed on the second word of the title, "Were YOU there?" The artist commands humanity to seek and see themselves in his canvas*

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"Amphitrite in Cassis," **by Colin Gill.** *The daughter of Oceanus and Tethys, Amphitrite married Neptune (Poseidon) despite her vow of perpetual celibacy. She bore to him Triton, a deity of the sea. In the temple of Poseidon at Corinth she had a statue. The wind in the top left-hand corner recalls a detail of Botticelli's "Birth of Venus"*

"Lives of Great Men....."

Footnotes to History Occupy the Attention of JAMES LAVER

The mass of material which the historian of the future, of the war period will be compelled to wade through grows with terrifying persistency. Memoirs, reminiscences, studies, histories of particular battalions, political and military diaries, experiences of private soldiers, biographies of generals, they continue to pour from the press, and most of them must be read to arrive at the final truth about the war—if there is a final truth about the war.

Soldiers can write about a war immediately the war is over, spies have to wait a little longer, but their turn will come in time. In the meanwhile we have an account of the activities of one of the most celebrated, *Mata Hari, Courtesan and Spy*, by Major Thomas Coulson (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net). I am sorry that Major Coulson has thought it necessary to adopt the style of the penny (or is it now the two-penny?) novelette: "Scarcely any capital of Europe escaped her poisonous presence. Like her favourite reptile the serpent, the slime of her writhing body coiled from one city to another, leaving its track of debauchery and treacherous betrayal." On another page he refers to her as "that mocking, laughing, cherubim of hell." Even the writers of novelettes know that cherubim is plural. Major Coulson should have gone through this book with a blue pencil, striking out every *cliché*—every reference to somebody's "cat-like tread," "the modern Circe," and the like—but perhaps so drastic a process would have unduly reduced the bulk of his book. Even more unfortunate than his style is the author's attitude of moral indignation, reserved, as it is, for those who acted as spies on the German side. We should have been grateful for a plain (and documented) account of a very remarkable career. And why does the author, presumably a British officer, do his reckoning in dollars?

HINDENBURG AS CADET IN 1866: *One of the illustrations to "The Biography of President von Hindenburg," by A. M. K. Watson, considered by Mr. Laver below*

The Biography of President von Hindenburg, by A. M. K. Watson (Marriott. 10s. 6d. net), is less sensational. The book is informative but marred by sentimentality. The authoress is quite in love with the Prussian army, its bravery, loyalty, and brotherly-kindness, although even German troops, we are told, "cannot achieve the impossible." Hindenburg's motto is *Ora et labora*. "It is not Hindenburg's smallest claim on the gratitude of his country that he succeeded in raising the flame of patriotism in the hearts of the University men." No doubt, no doubt! but what we are interested in is the builder of the Hindenburg line and the victor (if he *was* the victor) of Tannenberg! No one denies that Hindenburg is a magnificent figure, full of dignity, and the worthy head of a great nation. His integrity has never been called in question. His devotion to duty, his steadfastness in the hour of defeat, won him the respect even of his enemies. But Miss Watson scarcely seems to have heard the rumours that the real brain of the German General Staff was Ludendorff, for she does not even trouble to refute them. From her book one might gather that Hindenburg and Ludendorff were just two dear old men doing their best for "the weal of the Fatherland." The book contains some pleasant photographs of Hindenburg in the bosom of his family, but there are no maps. Without maps accounts of battles are meaningless, and indeed Miss Watson is not clear about the battles herself. She is more interested in the letters which "Dear Mr. Hindenburg" received from enthusiastic schoolchildren.

BRAHMS AT THE PIANO: *The Frontispiece to "Brahms" by Richard Specht, translated by Eric Blom, reviewed by Mr. Laver on this page*

The plight of some members of former ruling houses is now pitiable. They have been reduced to earning their living as waiters, as dancers, by driving taxis, or peddling sausages in the street. *My Life Story, from Archduke to Grocer*, by Leopold Wölfling, ex-Archduke Leopold of Tuscany (Hutchinson. 21s. net), shows that what they escaped from was sometimes even worse. The author draws a truly appalling picture of life at the old Austrian Court. What Francis Joseph lacked in intelligence he made up in obstinacy, and he saw to it that no independence of character among the princelings went unpunished. His main anxiety was lest the breath of scandal should sully the fair name of Habsburg. Only by such a phrase from melodrama can the old man's preoccupation be described. The natural result was that the most horrible things happened under the crust of respectability, yet he certainly succeeded in keeping things dark, and the truth about Prince Rudolph is still only vaguely guessed. The writer of the present book thinks that he was killed in a drunken brawl by being hit over the head with a champagne bottle, for the writer's father, Ferdinand IV of Tuscany, told him that he saw fragments of glass being extracted from the Prince's shattered skull. Leopold liked Rudolph, and defends him from all charges but that of being a debauchee. For Francis Ferdinand he has not one good word. Drunken, treacherous, overbearing, and the tool of the Kaiser, his accession would have been a disaster to the whole of Europe. His death was disaster enough! What a crew!

One must in justice to the old Emperor quote one story to his infinite credit. Francis Ferdinand and some brother officers, after drinking all night, were out for a morning ride when they met a small funeral procession. "Overcome with high spirits, F. F. ordered the procession to stop, and placing the coffin in the middle of the road, he and the other riders coolly jumped their horses over it in proof of their equestrian skill." The Emperor heard of this escapade and ordered his son to appear before him in civilian dress. When the Prince did so his father said: "I ordered you to be dressed thus because I am about to strike you, and if I did so when you were in the garb of an officer I would sully the uniform of my entire army." Good for Francis Joseph! but Europe is well rid of the whole lot of them.

A very different Germany is reflected in the pages of *Johannes Brahms*, by Richard Specht, translated by Eric Blom (Dent. 21s. net). We are among civilized people again, and breathe a larger air. Professor Specht has produced a learned and eminently readable book which is likely to become the standard work on Brahms. It is well illustrated.

The Early Life of Thomas Hardy appeared two years ago. We have now *The Later Years of Thomas Hardy* (1892–1928), by Florence Emily Hardy (Macmillan. 18s. net). Hardy's life was very uneventful and very dignified. The clamour of *Tess* and *Jude the Obscure* reached him, but only caused him to retreat still more into his habitual reserve. There never was a more unassuming author or one more content to live in the characters of his own imagination and let the world go by. Yet he was annoyed by the accusation of pessimism which was so constantly brought against him. It is a quiet record, curiously soothing and inspiring to read. Hardy came nearer to the "good life" than many of his more noisy contemporaries.

MYSELF AS A COMPLETE COXCOMB: *An illustration to "My Life Story, from Archduke to Grocer," by the ex Archduke Leopold of Tuscany.* In circle—*The author's sister*

briefly commended

The Mysterious Mr. Quin, by *Agatha Christie.* **(Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)**—A series of short stories in which a septuagenarian man of the world plays Poirot at the instigation of a semi-mystic figure named Harley Quin. Two or three of the tales are exceedingly well done; some not so well done; while the last story is totally incomprehensible, though it contains the best writing and psychology in the book. Mr. Quin is so mysterious he periodically spells his name with two n's.

The Longer Bodies, by *Gladys Mitchell.* **(Gollancz. 7s. 6d. net.)**—A book conceived in weakness. A detective story that has a clever setting. Good characterization, amusing conversation, and a stimulating beginning. The motive of the crime, however, is weak, while the method of its solution (even at the hands of a psycho-analyst—traditionally a class to read much into little) is too thin to convince.

Four Infantrymen on the Western Front, 1918, by *Ernst Johannisen.* **(Methuen. 5s. net.)**—It is a great mistake to believe that the historical present creates an atmosphere of vividness. A dubious device used with restraint, it is fatal to write an entire book with its aid. *All Quiet* and *Schlump* showed its weakness—endorsed by this novel. But one is tempted, trying to cope with the spate of philosophizing soldiers, to cry "Suffer us not to be overwhelmed with the water-floods." This water, however, is not so dirty as some.

The King Against Anne Bickerton, by *Sydney Fowler.* **(Harrap. 7s. 6d. net.)**—An exceedingly ingenious tale by a well-known writer in a different field, here masquerading under a pseudonym. It exposes the machinery of a criminal trial in all its strength and weakness, and flogs anew the dead horse of circumstantial evidence. *High Wind in Jamaica* probably influenced the author, and one distinguished judge, should he read the book, may recognize an unflattering but able portrait.

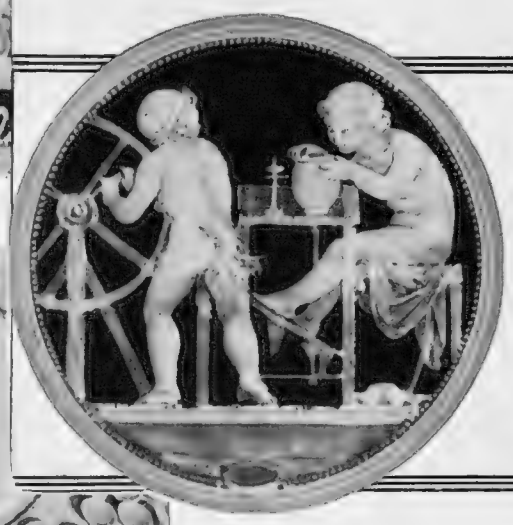
Is Sex Necessary? by *James Thurber and E. B. White.* **(Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)**—An excellent corrective to the flood of psycho-analytical and psycho-pathological literature inundating the bookshops and libraries of to-day. The satire is pointed and acute, but not sufficiently vitriolic to maintain interest to the end. The illustrations remind one of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's picture in Mr. Belloc's recent novels. Why must America specialize in satire? It used to be an English medium.

The Noose, by *Philip MacDonald.* **(Published for The Crime Club by Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)** Anthony Ruthven Gethryn, hero of *The Rasp* and *The White Crow*, makes a special appearance. A man lies under sentence of death. He will be executed in five days. He is (presumably) innocent. In five days Gethryn unearths the truth by a process combining prejudice, assumption, and logic, deductive and inductive. As before, Mr. MacDonald produces one of the finest detective novels of its year. The writing is as good as the plot.

THE GREAT POTTERY WEEK (MAY 19-24) in Staffordshire

A Special Section of "The Sphere" dealing with the Stoke-on-Trent Historical Pageant and the Bicentenary Celebrations in the Potteries

Four Gems of Solon's Work



Illustrating the Craft of the Potteries

THE ANCIENT EAST: The traditional Oriental potter's wheel sung by Omar Khayyam

THE MODERN WEST: The modern wheel involves the identical manual dexterity

Whether at Nizapur or at Babylon, at Burslem or at Stoke, the potter's wheel keeps a-whirling, proof of the antiquity and persistence of the craft in which man first expressed his appreciation of Nature's beauty by trying to give grace of form and, later, the charm of colour, to the purely utilitarian and rude vessels used in those primitive days.

Excluding the Far East, it is to Egypt that precedence must be assigned in the potter's art which is appropriately to be honoured at Stoke-on-Trent, from May 19 to 24, in the Historical Pageant organized under the auspices of the great congeries of towns comprehensively known as "The Potteries."

Under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, who has most graciously lent five pieces of exquisite porcelain, the photographs of which THE SPHERE is specially permitted to reproduce, and H.R.H. the Princess Mary (Countess Harewood), with the Right Hon. the Earl of Harroby, the Lord Lieutenant of Staffordshire, as Vice-Patron, the Pageant will include historical and pottery exhibitions (in which latter the leading firms engaged in the manufacture will show some of their most characteristic wares) as well as a military tatoo, thus lending the weight of its attractions to the incidental celebration of the birth of that Josiah Wedgwood, whose name has become identified with one particular and beautiful branch of ceramic art.

The whole story of the processes involved in thus transforming crude clay into the most exquisite forms the mind of man can conceive, and adorned with the most lustrous hues to delight his whole æsthetic sense, is told in the series of pictures printed on the succeeding pages.

It is a fact worth insisting upon that visitors to the pageant will get infinitely more than a historical lesson rendered in human flesh and blood. There will be a musical accompaniment, both orchestral and choral, dancing displays around the maypole on the Wakes of the eighteenth century, as well as of the classical ceramic figures which come to life in the epilogue.

The pageant includes a prologue and eight episodes. In the prologue is shown the Wedding of Art to Industry in the Ceramic products of the Potteries, and vivid pictures lead up to the efforts of the Cistercian Monks at Hulton Abbey in the sixteenth century to improve the condition of the poor potters in the neighbourhood by employing them to make the tiles and other articles which the skilled religious artists painted and glazed.

It was in the seventh century that what has been regarded as the personal mark was set upon the pottery of North Pottery, and a large number of the descendants of

(Continued on following page)

CHARLES DICKENS describes The MYSTERIES of POTTERY MAKING

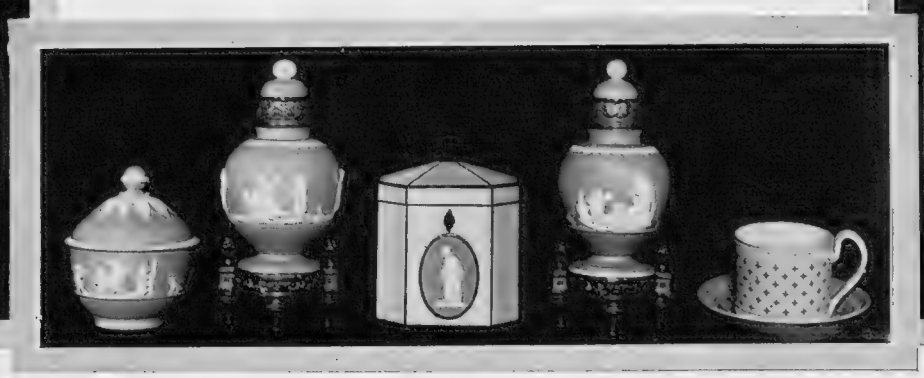
In regard to the potter, popularly so called (says the plate), you don't mean to say you have forgotten that a workman called a Thrower is the man under whose hand this grey dough takes the shape of the simpler household vessels as quickly as the eye can follow? You don't mean to say you cannot call him up before you, sitting, with his attendant woman, at his potter's wheel—a disc about the size of a dinner plate, revolving on two drums slowly or quickly, as he wills—who made you a complete breakfast set for a bachelor as a good-humoured little off-hand joke?

. . . . .

And as to the Kilns, in which the firing takes place, and in which some of the more precious articles are burnt repeatedly in various stages of their process towards completion . . . until the last workman should have barely room to crawl out before the closing of the jagged aperture in the wall and the kindling of the gradual fire; did you not stand amazed to think that all the year round these dread chambers are heating, white hot—and cooling—and filling and emptying—and being bricked up—and broken open—humanly speaking, for ever and ever? To be sure you did! And standing in one of those Kilns nearly full, and seeing a free crow shoot across the aperture a-top, and learning how the fire would wax hotter and hotter, by slow degrees, and would cool similarly, through a space of from forty to sixty hours, did no remembrance of the days when human clay was burnt oppress you? Yes, I think so! I suspect that some fancy of a fiery haze and a shortening breath, and a growing heat, and a gasping prayer; and a figure in black interposing between you and the sky (as figures in black are very apt to do), and looking down, before it grew too hot to look and live, upon the Heretic in his edifying agony—I say I suspect (says the plate) that some such fancy was pretty strong upon you when you went out into the air, and blessed God for the bright spring day and the degenerate times!

From "*A Plated Article*," *a Dickensian monograph, published by Copeland*

QUEEN CHARLOTTE: This and the right-hand Wedgwood medallion were lent for the Bicentenary Commemorative Exhibition at Hanley Museum, Stoke-on-Trent, by Her Majesty the Queen



LENT BY THE QUEEN: A covered sucrier in blue and white jasper, a pair of tea-caddies with stoppers in the same medium with ormolu mounts; an ivory and tortoise-shell tea-caddy with two oval blue and white jasper cameos, and a cup and saucer in lilac and white jasper with green stars

KING GEORGE III: This fine Wedgwood portrait medallion and its companion on the extreme left, lent by the Queen, are in lilac and white jasper in their original black and gold frames

THE GREAT POTTERY WEEK in Staffordshire

what the Potteries produce today

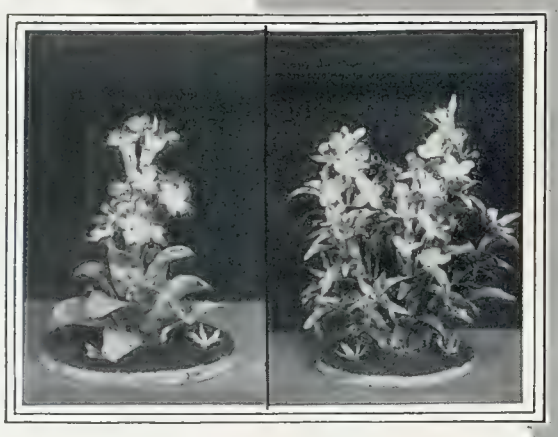
On left—FOR THE THREE MEALS: Breakfast, tea, and dinner ware in Silica china by Messrs. Booths, Tunstall. A rich ivory ground featuring an Elizabethan flower with rich orange-yellow edges

EARLY AYNSLEY POTTERY: The bearded figure on the mug is Admiral Viscount Duncan, who defeated the Dutch Fleet off the coast of Holland on October 11, 1797. Like the teapot and the pot with the prize-fighting design it is signed by John Aynsley

FOR THE MODERN: Newport Pottery with design by Clarice Cliff. Made by A. J. Wilkinson, Ltd., Burslem

(Continued from preceding page)

the men whose names are burnt into the history of that time is still carrying on the work which made their ancestors famous. These early master potters, as related by Colonel Wedgwood in his *Staffordshire Pottery and its History*, were handy men of many trades. They dug their own clay, often in front of their own front doors.



PORCELAIN FLOWERS: (Polyanthus and Wall Flowers) as realistic in form and colour as if they were real, made by the Crown Staffordshire Porcelain Co., Ltd. The beauty of these pieces has caused them to become the fashion for table decoration, thus superseding the use of the old Chelsea groups which were the vogue in the last century

On left—BREAKING WITH TRADITION: A complete departure in pattern and modelling in China tea-ware decoration introduced by Messrs. Lawley, Ltd., Regent Street, London. A wide variety of patterns available at the modest price of 23s. 6d. for a 21-piece tea-set

From such simple rural beginnings came that wonderful renaissance of the eighteenth century, whose influence is still so profoundly felt to-day, that beauty of design and exquisiteness of colour, combined with perfection of material which are still the watchword of the district which has appropriately been called "the hub of the British Pottery industry."

It was towards the end of this century that another Josiah burst upon the ceramic world. This was Josiah Spode the Second, who introduced a body for his ware which, as stated by Mr. Arthur Hayden, the author of *Chats on English Earthenware*, etc., "was never equalled before his day and has never been surpassed since." Indeed, M. Alexandre Brogmart, the director of the National Factory at Sèvres, in his great work, *A Treatise on the Ceramic Arts*, says: "Spode produced a better porcelain than any that had been made in England up to that time. He introduced, or at all events perfected, the use of calcined bones in the body of his ware."

This marked a notable advance in porcelain manufacture. Mr. Hayden records that when the famous Ambassador, Li Hung Chang, went to Staffordshire, he remarked with Oriental politeness on this subject, "You have completed what we have been centuries in arriving at." "It was courteous for him to have said it," continues Mr. Hayden, "but it happens to be true. Who would have thought that calcined bones produced translucency in porcelain; certainly John Chinaman never did."

The bones which are used for this purpose are those of the ox, and in an article on the Spode China Works written by that distinguished littérateur Mr. E. V. Lucas, and issued by Messrs. W. T. Copeland and Sons, he refers in his delightfully characteristic manner to the part that animal plays in the china factory.

"O, browsing ox,
You little guess
Your bones contain
A shepherdess.

"How could you think
To live again,
A dainty rogue
In porcelain?"

POUR LE FIVE O'CLOCK: Three tea cups manufactured by Messrs. Adderleys, Ltd., with designs by a leading London ceramic artist. The patterns from left to right are known as "Burton," a reproduction of a typical English landscape; "Watteau," in its characteristic delicate style; and "Orchard," showing the rich colouring on fruit

"THIS CASTLE HATH A PLEASANT SEAT": Plate by Messrs. Wood and Sons, Ltd., Burslem, in which a typical English castle in its pleasantly-timbered surroundings is enclosed in a blue rose border

"PAREEK": Produced by Messrs. Johnson Bros., Ltd., Stoke-on-Trent, in 1926. "Pareek" ware, with its rich beauty of colour tone and lustrous glaze combines the best characteristics of the firm's porcelain which is famous throughout the world, and 35,000,000 pieces of which are produced every year

Above on left—BEFORE THE MOON COMES UP: In these characteristically decorated plates and cups and saucers in which the glory of the setting sun is cleverly suggested by the red rim. Messrs. The Shelley Potteries, Ltd., Holborn, London, have preserved the tendency to truncate the angles which they have substituted for the circular plate

Spode's English robustness was his characteristic. With the wide catholicity which has marked England's prosecution of the arts her potters have proceeded from their early inherited classical tradition to that spontaneous expression of our national characteristics which is shown in Spode's "Toby and Sporting Jugs with horses and hounds and huntsmen in relief."

In the development of English porcelain the influence of a Frenchman must not be forgotten—M. L. Solon, who after achieving a reputation in the Sèvres factory came to England after the Franco-Prussian war, and joining the firm of Messrs. Minton introduced the Pâte-sur-Pâte (body upon body) method and produced masterpieces.

Although fashions have changed in many directions and the exigencies of modern construction have so simplified our homes that one washing fixture has taken the place of the several utensils needed for the old washing-stand, to name only one single example, the pottery works have displayed a remarkable adaptability and have turned their attention to other branches of the ceramic art to which they have brought their old tradition of beautifying everything to which they put their hands.

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

LIVE *and* LET LIVE

—a Plea for Tolerance

By Margery Lawrence

It is a curious thing to reflect upon, the difficulty the human creature seems to find in following the above precept—to live and let live. In other words, to leave his neighbour alone! The instinct to interfere, to dictate, to meddle and poke and order about, seems ineradicable in most people, and one regrets to say that often the kindest-hearted and most well-meaning are the worst of the lot.

One wonders *why* it seems so impossible for the average person to refrain from pointing out how his neighbour should live, love, play, eat, or generally conduct his life!

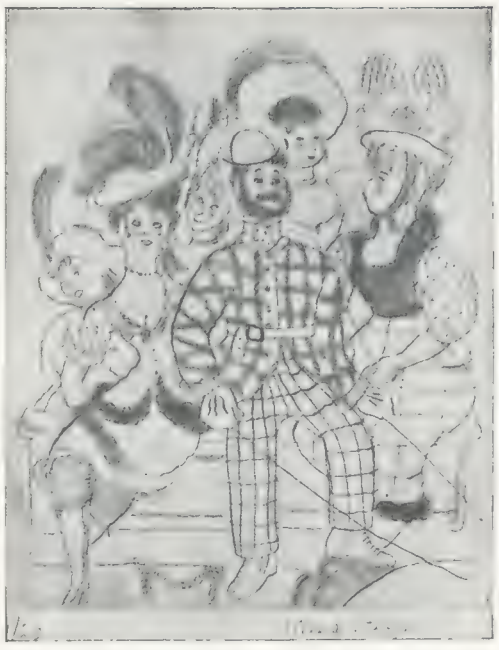
I recently read an article by a well-known and charming writer who, all unconsciously, gave a perfect example of this form of intolerance. She was waxing eloquent and superior anent those low-brows who love such things as fairs—especially that delicious annual jamboree on Hampstead Heath where one can suck gorgeously sticky pink peppermint rock, ride on shiny, painted horses to the loud chanting of a tin organ, and eke cast lovely hairy coker-nuts at tall striped sticks . . . personally, I protest that fairs are a priceless and satisfying form of amusement, and if time and work allowed me I should go to them far more often than I do.

When I go to Paris I invariably head for Luna Park, and shamelessly don my prettiest undies in which to slide down chutes and cross bridges that produce sudden upward draughts through the flooring, to the hilarious delight of the spectators . . . now this writer, I repeat, waxed superior about the mentality that could *possibly* find delight in pink rock and chute-sliding and quoted her own taste, which ran to Beethoven sonatas, dim lights, and intelligent conversation—all of which I hasten, obviously, to commend. But I contend that it *should* be possible—and certainly is in my own humble case—to love Beethoven and yet appreciate the glorious flavour of a stick of peppermint rock! Possible to read Sitwell and grin at Leslie Henson, possible to discuss the soul and its ways one night and dance at a half-crown palais de danse the next; but at least, if one cannot enjoy all these varied delights with equal zest (and it's a pity if one can't since there are so many jolly things to do in the world, and to be restricted to one set of amusements seems to me to be a pity), if, I repeat, one cannot do this, at least one should be able to refrain from either sneering at one's neighbour's tastes or trying to shame or bully or snub him into copying one's own.

This endeavour to "re-educate" one's neighbour leads to one of the worst forms of petty tyranny.

Oh, the societies composed of Mr. and Mrs. Joneses, who get up entertainments, clubs, institutes, and so on for the improvement of the masses! Mere excuses for further interference on a larger and more magnificent scale; the masses are quite capable of improving themselves if they want to do so, and as for entertainments, they *don't* like folk-dancing, acting Shakespeare, or going to village institutes, shout the Joneses never so loudly, one quarter as much as sitting under a hedge with Martha or Mary, or reading *The Referee*, or playing shove-ha'penny at the local pub.

Go to, Mr. and Mrs. Jones and all your kind. A man's taste is his own and is better left alone—he knows better than you how he wants to live. But I suppose the truth is that man is essentially an intolerant and suspicious creature, and cannot bear to see a fellow-being hewing out a different path from that which he has himself chosen. What a lot of comment, objection, interference, and general obstruction we have to put up with.



"One can love Beethoven and yet appreciate the flavour of peppermint rock": *The latter amusement illustrated in a charming dry point by Stella Steyn, shown in a recent exhibition*

THAT TRAGIC FIGURE

—The Too-much-loved Woman

By Godfrey Winn

It is one of the laws which govern the human race that the plain should envy the beautiful, the unloved the loved.

Such envy devours them like a cancer. It is never absent from their expression, their speech, and their approach to life. Soured, they grow old before their time, at least the bitter, aggressive, "I'm as good as any other woman" type do, and the others, the sort who damply drape themselves in corners, shedding weak tears of sex starvation, are left callously to drown in their own pools of self-pity.

And yet isn't this doleful attitude of depression rather unnecessary? Not for one moment would I suggest that plainness is actually preferable to beauty, or that, were I given, like Portia's suitors, a choice of caskets that I would choose the one that contained the portrait of the ass's head. Still, on the other hand, I have a shrewd suspicion, ever-increasing from observation, that only too often the lovely woman, the beauty desired of men, has just as tragic an existence as one utterly lacking in attraction.

In fact infinitely more tragic, since she has really tasted the nectar, known what it is to have power over them, knows that if she chooses to discard one lover to-day, another admirer, equally adoring, equally ardent, will be in attendance to-morrow; she has herself played the leading rôle in numerous love comedies (tragedies, rather), not had to be satisfied merely to enjoy a second-hand thrill by exchanging places in her imagination with some minor novelist's latest heroine.

The beauty is that heroine. She tallies in every particular. She has the same golden hair, the same violet eyes, the same dazzling skin, the same exquisite figure, the same insolent but entrancing air of a race-horse compelled against her will to tread the common earth, so that when she enters a room or a restaurant, momentarily conversation is suspended while heads twist and crane.

But it seems to me that even at the height of her success there are terrible disadvantages in her position.

It is so isolated. She is like a film star playing the same scene over and over again till the producer is satisfied.

She cannot escape. Her leading man will be changed from time to time (from film to film), but she herself must go on, till gradually and inevitably her youth and beauty are alike shrivelled up beneath the burning penetration of the limelight and the critical, if not actually hostile, gaze of the populace.

I have seen it happen again and again. You have seen it happen too. Sometimes, of course, she will have the vision and courage to renounce "public life" before it renounces her; at the height of her success and beauty she will disappear up the shadowy aisle of some church, and ever after hold to her vows, looking neither to left nor right, refuting flattery and denying her waiting list of admirers as though they did not exist—but how seldom, how very seldom, the too-much loved woman, either professional or amateur, has the wisdom to cut and run.

Instead they try to cheat the years with a desperate and pitiable courage. They dye their hair and rouge their cheeks; they struggle to keep their figures slim by diet and to lessen the heavy weight of their chain of experiences by a too sophisticated air of assumed innocence of life. Or else they go to the other extreme and brazenly announce: "I am a woman of the world. I know what love is, let me teach you."

Both attitudes are equally tragic, equally terrible. But it would never have happened had she been merely the ugly duckling of the family.

PARENTS OF EUROPE'S LATEST ROYALTY: *Count and Countess Folke Bernadotte of Sweden. The Count is a nephew of the King of Sweden, and the Countess was, before her marriage, Miss Estelle Manville, heiress of Mr. Edward H. Manville, the American "Asbestos King." On the occasion of the birth of the young couple's first child, Count Gustaf Edward of Wisborg, the King of Sweden presented the baby with an elaborate cradle which had been decorated by the Queen during her last illness*

Introducing

THE DINING-LIVING-ROOM

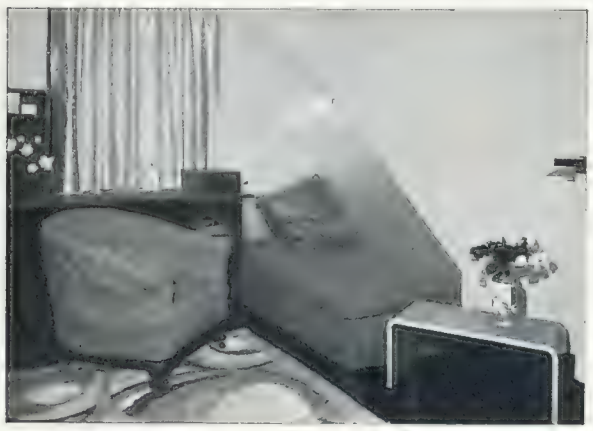
—The latest development of the space-saving movement

By Derek Patmore

Modern conditions have forced many of us to live in very small flats. In the first place they are cheaper to run, and in a way they are more convenient to live in than the large rambling Victorian houses of the last century.

But a flat consisting of only a small bedroom, kitchen, and bathroom, and a large living-room presents quite a problem as regards space if it is inhabited by more than one person. However modern decorators seem to be particularly successful in solving this problem of how to make an ideal and convenient small flat for a married couple or a *ménage à deux*.

One of the most successful arrangements of a living-room in a flat of this kind has recently been carried out by the clever young English decorator, J. Duncan Miller, in a miniature London flat situated over a garage in a mews. This living-room is moderately large and oblong in shape, so the designer has attempted to divide the room into two parts, one part to be used as the dining-room and the other part to be used as the sitting-room, without destroying the unity of the whole room. In this manner the room is really a combined dining-living-room? And this unusual treatment is very successful.



CYLINDRICAL ILLUMINATION: *One corner of the "sitting-room" end of the living-room. The divan and chair are covered in green and fawn linen. The wall above the divan has been painted with a triangular strip of silver to create an impression of height*

The walls of the room have been painted with a mat ivory paint, the woodwork, including the small fire-place, being painted black. The door leading into the room has been treated in an original way, being painted black and then rubbed down with silver and afterwards varnished, which gives it the effect of dull silver. The door-handle consists of a narrow band of nickel fixed vertically to the side of the door. These three tones of ivory, black, and silver constitute the principal colour scheme of the room. The only other colour that has been used being two shades of green—thus creating a vivid contrast.

Owing to the shape of the room, the designer was fortunate in that each end happened to have one window, so both the dining-room end and the living-room side are well lit. The curtains of both windows are of silver oilcloth, and a thin band of polished aluminium has been fitted to the top of the architrave, forming an unusual and very modern pelmet.

The dining-room end of this room is an interesting example of how to use metal and glass furniture. The table, which is oblong in shape, has a top of ordinary glass about a quarter of an inch thick. This glass, which is ordinarily used for windows in street pavements, has a tinge of green in it which is both cool and restful to the eye. This sheet of glass rests on four square wooden legs plated with aluminium, and one end of the table is fixed to the wall underneath the window-sill, thus saving space. The dining-room chairs are of tubular white metal with slightly curved backs, and the seats and backs have been covered with jade-green canvas.

Before the room had been redecorated there had been an ordinary cupboard at this end of the room. The door of this cupboard has been removed and the cupboard converted into a miniature bar, the lower part being fitted as a cupboard for bottles and glasses.

Now let us cross into the sitting-room end of the room. Again this has been treated in an unusual manner. One corner has been given over to a large built-in bookcase, combining the functions of a bookcase and a writing-table. It is made of deal and painted black, soars up to the ceiling in a way reminiscent of the American sky-scraper. This is a particularly well-thought-out piece of furniture for, apart from having shelves for books it also has an opening for gramophone records and a special opening for the telephone.

The writing-desk consists of a plain piece of wood painted black fitted to the wall underneath the window-sill, and has several shelves and drawers underneath it. The top of the desk has been covered with black rubber.

The other corner of the sitting-room has been filled with a low divan and a comfortable arm-chair, beside which is placed a low modern table painted silver. Both the arm-chair and divan are covered in a modern linen in fawn and emerald-green.

Finally, as the room is rather low an attempt has been made to make it appear higher. The pyramid-shaped bookcase helps to give an impression of height, and part of the wall behind the divan has been painted silver in the form of a triangle, the rising lines of which also help to create this impression.

LIT FROM ABOVE: *The door of the living-room which has been painted a dull silver. Note the unusual arrangement of the two lights of frosted glass above the door*

BOOKS HAVE A PLACE IN THE DINING-ROOM: *The echelon shelv that fit into an angle*

A STITCH *in* TIME

—A revival of the appreciation of Petit Point

Petit point is the art of miniature painting in silk. Landscapes, flowers, birds, history, or legend, there is the whole world of nature and romance open for transfer to the finest gauze. It is an art requiring patience, and more than that, a painstaking skill. Yet with every shade of true-to-life perspective and atmosphere can be achieved, and apart from the inherent beauty of the embroidery itself the worker finds her reward in a form of a needlecraft practically indestructible.

The stitch which has been known for centuries as petit point is a kind of half cross-stitch made by taking the needle over one thread of canvas in an oblique direction. The finer the canvas the more striking the result. Indeed, petit point is most effective when worked in very fine stitches and for the exquisite little pochettes here illustrated, any one of which will outlast three leather bags, gauze and not canvas is used. This gauze is the miller's variety, and of silk. With the fine weave, the artistic blending of the colours, sometimes as many as 200 in one bag, it is something of the elusive quality of the real miniature which is found in these embroidered pictures.

The designs chosen for this very detailed work are nearly always the work of artists, for not every picture lends itself to petit point detail. Even given the suitable *motif*, the creation of atmosphere demands from the artist needlewoman the same feeling for the work as it demanded from the artist designer.

Petit point is a matter of continual practice and imitation, less simple than it looks. Petit point is the stitch *par excellence* for the wonderful detail. Gros point, resembling it, is the one mostly used for upholstered furniture. It is less fine, less arduous. Like petit point, this stitch too runs obliquely, but it is not only done on a coarser weave of canvas, but a double-thread canvas is very often used. Wool here is the medium.

When, as is often the case, gros and petit point are allied on the same piece of work the finer stitch is done by pulling the double canvas threads apart. A landscape with a background suggesting perspective will have that background indicated by petit point, the foreground in gros point. Similarly, the centre of a flower or fabled dragon will be carried out in petit point. Faces, hands, and feet of any human figures are likewise in the finer stitch, and usually with a white underlying material to preserve the delicate flesh tints. The remainder of the design, trees, leaves, and foregrounds are done in gros point. D.H

ALLIANCE: *Petit point and gros point are both used in this fine piece*

A VIENNESE DESIGN *done for an English oak settee in gros and petit point*

FOR DAY AND EVENING

FURS for the SUMMER

—Short coats and capes are a special feature of this season's wardrobe

A CAPE FOR THE EVENING ENSEMBLE: *White rabbit is an extremely popular skin for summer wear since it is light, inexpensive, and particularly becoming. The cape shown here, which is cut remarkably well, costs 13 guineas*

AN EVENING COAT: *White ermine is a fur always favoured by the chic feminine world. Here it is seen to great advantage as the medium chosen for this luxurious evening coat*

FOR AFTERNOON WEAR: *A special feature of this summer ermine coat is its short, swinging cape, the base of which, following the exact line of the coat itself, is cut to a point at the back*

This season the fashionable short coats, carried out in the lighter furs, are proving deservedly popular for day and evening wear, and have to a certain extent replaced the fur-trimmed coats of recent years. One illustration on this page shows an extremely attractive summer ermine coat in varying tones of beige, exquisitely worked and designed, to be worn over a filmy day frock. The swinging cape is a special feature of this coat, and it helps to accentuate its graceful lines. A cape of rabbit fur and a luxurious coat of white ermine are shown here for evening wear too. In each case they are cut lower at the back than the front, and the fur wraps round the hip with a sweeping, smooth line. To return to day wear — pony, summer ermine, Persian lamb, and caracul, this last carried out in fascinating shades of beige, brown, and also in black—are some of the favoured skins, whilst white ermine and rabbit are chiefly used for evening. Silver fox is the chic finish for the tailor-made or walking suit. The present mode demands that the fur shall be speckled and the most exclusive have a white tail.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—continued

Furs from REVILLON FRÈRES' *Pictures by PETER NORTH*

FOR THE TAILOR-MADE: *A silver-fox fur, which gives such an excellent finish to the tailor-made or walking suit, can be purchased from 25 guineas. A notable feature is the fashionable white tip of the tail and the speckled fur—definitely the mode of the moment*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

THE TILE — *ancient and modern*

The tile to-day is but one facet of a busy industry producing one of the most finished features of twentieth-century civilization — the modern bathroom

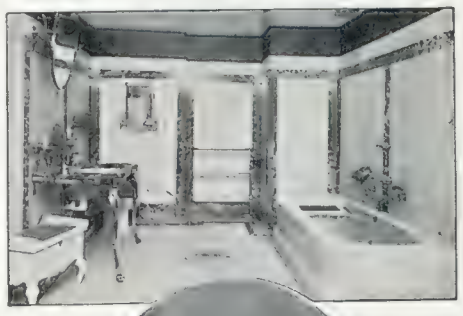
In spite of the inroads of machinery to displace men in many of the crafts, tiles, which are simply pieces of baked clay of various shapes and patterns, according to their use for facing walls, for pavements, or for roofs, are still made entirely by hand, as were the early highly decorative ones made in the twelfth century in Persia. These were mural tiles, and so excellent were they that it is more than probable they were manufactured considerably earlier.

The designs, though simple, were exceedingly effective and were painted in enamel glazes of a coppery or dull golden colour, to which blue or some other tint was added, the surface presenting a pleasing lustre. Later, larger tiles for dadoes, cornices, and friezes were decorated with bold ornaments with inscriptions in relief picked out in greenish-blue or pure blue from the light ground. These had generally a brilliant lustre, but wall tiles without this quality but very beautiful in design were made in Damascus, Rhodes, and other places in the sixteenth century, and were used in Asiatic Turkey and Cairo.

In the north of Europe encaustic tiles, the name given to ornamental tiles of earthenware, were used for paving churches from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries, while in Spain and Italy the tiles had patterns produced in thick enamel glaze on the surface.

Strictly speaking, the name encaustic tiles applies only to those of a pattern produced by layers of different coloured clays. In the process patented by Prosser in 1840 tiles of one colour were made by placing the coloured clay powder in strong steel moulds and consolidating it in a semi-dry state by means of a plunger fitted accurately into a mould worked by a screw press. From the press it is removed, heated in a hot chamber, fired, and glazed if required.

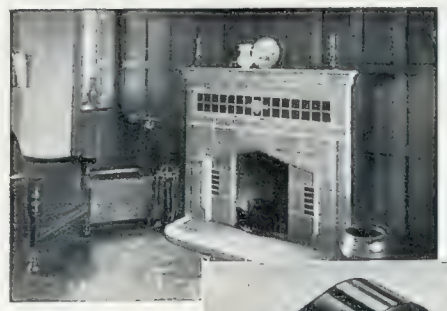
Into the intricacies of the modern processes it is impossible to enter in this place. It is significant, however, of the modern trend in the appreciation of old styles of decoration to note that tiles are every day being more used in modern houses. This is especially the case in kitchens, halls, and more markedly perhaps than anywhere else, in the bathroom.



BATHROOMS OF TO-DAY: *Two examples of the luxurious appointments by George Jenkins, Ltd., Princes Street, Hanover Square*

Until recently, while the white tiled bathroom made it a model of cleanliness and sanitary excellence, it lacked that sense of beauty which such firms as Messrs. Henry Richards of Stoke-on-Trent,—whose showrooms are in Victoria Street and whose new bathroom accessories are so attractively and cleverly designed—and Messrs. George Jennings of Princes Street, Hanover Square, have been able to import into it with the delicate and variously coloured tiles they manufacture.

To these firms must be added the name of Messrs. Malkin—who specialize in tiles, both lustre and matt, not only for such rooms but also for fireplaces, and whose artistic design for a wall with a medallion in a delicate contrasting colour is well known.

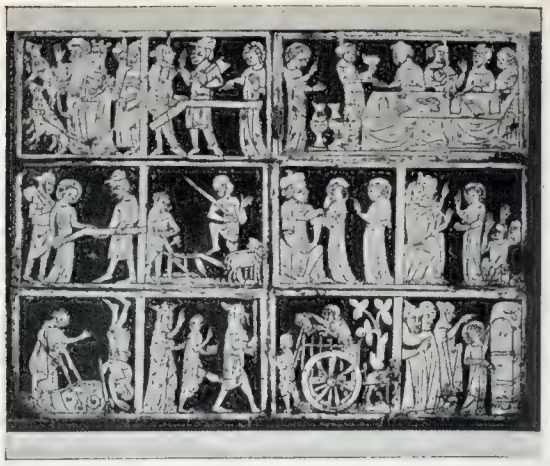


THE RED HEART OF A HOME: *A Malkin tile fireplace by Malkin and Sons, Burslem*

In addition to the above, Messrs. Twyfords, Ltd., of Hanley, Staffordshire, provide the bath tubs as well as sanitary pottery and metal fittings in all designs to suit all markets. If the introduction of coloured tiles enabling them to be blended harmoniously gives a hitherto unaccustomed element of beauty to the bathroom walls, their application to the bath itself has changed its purely utilitarian unsightliness into a thing of beauty in perfect tune with its surroundings. This is achieved by enclosing or building in the tub with tiles, a matter of perfectly simple and even inexpensive accomplishment with the materials now available for the purpose.

AN ANGLE OF THE BATHROOM: *A charming treatment by Richards' Tiles, Stoke-on-Trent*

THE PERFECTION OF CLEANLINESS: *A modern tiled kitchen by Twyfords of Hanley*



A MEDIEVAL TILE: *An exquisite piece of antique work so improved upon in structure to-day*

When this is done the inside of the bath may either be enamelled white in the usual manner or it may be glazed to any desired tint in order to blend with the decoration of the rest of the room.

Instead, therefore, of the bathroom being the most uninteresting room in the house, thanks to the enterprise of firms like Messrs. George Jennings and Henry Richards it can be transformed into the most colourful and attractive apartment, so that even those recalcitrant small members of the family who may maintain a traditional reluctance to bathing will be lured by its beauty into the performance of those daily ablutions on which the medical profession everywhere insists for the maintenance of health.

Even in so sketchy a résumé of a subject which is as full of interest as it may be of artistic merit by reason of the decorative design imparted to it by the hand of the accomplished craftsman giving form to the inventiveness of his brain, reference must not be omitted to the fact that marble and stone slabs, especially when used for covering roofs, are sometimes called tiles. In addition to these, there are those smaller cubical or almost cubical pieces of burnt clay, stone, glass or other material called tessaræ and used for mosaic work. They are practically tiles in miniature, and are manufactured by the tile makers, and probably find their most extensive and most widely appreciated use in the decoration of the cathedrals and churches of the world. On the other hand they are no less generally employed for making practically indestructible pavements which combine the highest sanitary requirements with real beauty, while the designs which can be woven with them are innumerable.

TILES OF TWO KINDS: *A Malkin glazed tile and a matt tile providing the popular rough-stucco appearance*

Stocking the Modern LINEN CUPBOARD

Dainty colours make a pleasure of what used to be a duty

Shopping for household linen has become a fascinating occupation now that the most utilitarian articles are available in the most dainty of colours. All hues have been so standardized that the various fabrics may be harmonized in a very satisfying way.

Sheets, pillow-cases, blankets, bedspreads, and bath linens are the items to be considered in the selection of the modern bedroom ensemble. They may be tailored or feminine, severely plain or daintily decorated, of a strong or a delicate texture, as well as of a colour which best suits the personality of the individual.

For what may be termed the tailored group one may select hem-stitched sheets and pillow-cases of good quality linen or cotton in some favourite colour, or white with coloured hems, undecorated save for a monogram placed just inside the hem at the centre and embroidered in a corresponding colour. Quite the newest fancy in monogramming, when done in colour, is to use two tones, working the upper part of each letter in the lighter and the lower in the darker.

For this ensemble might be chosen one of the delightful blankets of modern weave, wool on the underside and patterned rayon on the upper, a texture which is so decorative and dust-resisting in itself as to obviate the need of the customary bedspread.

Ordinary blankets of plain colour, with satin-bound edges, are also in delightful harmony with the simplicity of the linens, and may be had in both summer and winter weights as well as in the various colours which are characteristic of most modern bedroom appointments.

Whichever type of blanket is selected it may be decorated with a large monogram placed so that it will come just above the centre of the bed and below the edge of the top sheet when the blanket is in use.

The bedspread is quite an important item, its purpose being to protect the blanket during the hours when, because of open windows, it is exposed to dust from outside air. Naturally it must be made of some material which can easily be washed. Korean silk is delightful for this purpose, and is to be had in various colours. Its irregular crinkled surface is quite in harmony with the ordinary blanket. Usually both side and bottom edges are finished in deep picoted scallops, which are allowed to hang free at the sides of the bed.

An eiderdown of corresponding or harmoniously contrasting colour, with edges finished quite simply, may be added to this ensemble.

For the bathroom linens may be chosen Turkish towels and bath mat of plain colour, and decorate them with monograms done in two tones of the same colour, the newest markings being done in cross-stitch, using the darkest shade for the initial of the family name. Sometimes these cross-stitched initials are outlined with yet a darker tone, an effect which is very decorative.

Then for contrast we may add small hand-towels of white linen huckaback bordered with hems in the chosen colour.

The feminine type of linens are frankly more luxurious. Sheets and pillow-cases are of the finest linen in dainty shades of peach, pink, and blue, lavishly decorated with wide border of embroidery. Fleecy blankets, coloured one side and white on the other, have satin bindings coloured to correspond. Lace-edged bedspreads are of crêpe de chine or satin set together with lace insets. To these may be added the most delightful of eiderdowns—velvet on one side and satin on the other. To be considered also for this ensemble are sheets and pillow-slips of crêpe de chine.

G. B. H.

LONDON'S LATEST HAMLET.

Mr. Ainley, Miss Ffrangcon-Davies, and Mr. Colin Clive in the Command Performance at the Haymarket

"BUT LET ME HEAR FROM YOU": Laertes and Ophelia. Mr. Colin Clive (of "Journey's End" fame) and Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies at the Haymarket

THE PRINCE OF DENMARK: Mr. Henry Ainley in the title-role of Hamlet. This distinguished actor's "come-back" in "The First Mrs. Frazer" after his serious illness astonished as much as it delighted, but it remains for his Hamlet to show how complete was his recovery. Endowed with gifts of face, presence, and voice, Mr. Ainley added to these a skilful technique and a profound study and understanding of his role. Many critics compare his performance to those of the greatest of our tradition

"GET THEE TO A NUNNERY": Mr. Ainley and Miss Ffrangcon-Davies in one of the most poignant scenes Shakespeare ever wrote—a scene given its full value by these two talented artists

Three pictures by POLLARD CROWTHER

"THERE'S ROSEMARY, THAT'S FOR REMEMRANCE': Miss Ffrangcon-Davies as a very wistful and soul-moving Ophelia

The Plateau, where many Britons will make their homes

The MAKING of EMPIRE

The Science of Colonization—a process effected not by Governments nor politicians, but by the Colonists themselves

By CAPTAIN W. HICHENS

(Late of the Intelligence and Native Administrative Services, East Africa)

In order to impress the savage with their magical powers over rain, crops, the fertility of cattle, and similar vital matters of tribal welfare, witch-doctors in some parts of Africa find it useful to speak to the awestruck native in a "magic" language, called kinyume. It is really only ordinary talk spoken backwards, and liberally besprinkled with gibberish; but heard through the smoke of the ju-ju pot it is impressive enough. We are not without political necromancers of our own ilk who resort to this sort of mumbo-jumbo in trying to convince us that they can work big magic on the welfare of the Empire.

By casting the ju-ju stones of party catchphrase upon the goatskin of public credulity and incanting invocations about "Colonial development" they would bewitch the average Briton on his most susceptible points—his pride of Empire and his dread lest some insidious retrogression or calamity should be undermining all that the power, prestige, and progress of his Empire means. Like the African savage who pays his witch-doctor the hard-spared ox, for rain that will make the crops grow, we are apt to overlook the modest fact that it is we, and not our political ju-ju men, who shoulder the actual work of Colonial development. It is the quite ordinary, average Briton who digs in the foundations of Colonial progress; he "builds the Empire"; he has every right to be proud of it.

We seldom get a fair view of his handiwork; for Colonies are not made in a day; tribes are not weaned from barbarity to industry, nor farms and factories riven from the virgin wilds by any catchphrase magic, and by the time his skilled and arduous labour has borne fruit, the Colony-maker is like to have trekked either "through the roof," as the black says, or to even darker obscurity on pension in the suburbs. But sometimes a facet on the ashlar, such as the new Manyoni Railway now to be built in Tanganyika, does reflect his dexterous craftsmanship.

The veriest greenhorn could have predicted, some twelve years ago, when Britain took over Tanganyika on the Mandate, that a railway would run to the foothills of the vast Dana Plateau in Iramba, wending its iron way across the great black cotton-soil swamps, through the glister of yellow elephant grass, through the tsetse bush belt where the guinea-fowl call, through the cattle-plains and grainfields of the naked Anyaturu, and so to "Kingo's country." For everyone knew Kingo's country. There was gold there; out on the Sekenke marshes mixed up with blackwater-fever and man-eating lions; and there was more gold high up on the plateau.

Rumour had it that Kingo himself, chief of Iramba and the mightiest rain-maker in all Tanganyika, had a large but secret hoard of gold-dust, panned by some of his hundred wives out of a pocket in the river-bed, whose whereabouts, under penalty of burial alive, they were forbidden to divulge to white men.

But there was more than gold in Irama for even a tenderfoot to see. The Aniramba themselves were among the most prosperous pastoral tribes in the colony. Huge herds of cattle, sheep, and goats grazed over immense stretches of pasture, not only on the great Plateau, but along the banks of the Dulume River at its foot, and away across the rich lands of Iyambi, where the sun comes up at dawn.

Around the tembes or square-built groups of huts walled in by dense milk-weed hedges—for the day was not long past when raider bands of Turu and Masai spearsmen came plundering in Iramba—stretched the igunda or grain-fields of the tribesfolk, where grew great crops of mtama, ground-nuts, beans, tobacco, gourds.

Astute Arab traders had set up their mud-and-wattle stores at Mkalama, the official outpost in the north of the district, and had their warugaruga or runners trekking the year round through Iramba, buying the cattle, hides, skins, beeswax, grain, that gangs of lusty porters humped on their heads down the main trail to Tanganyika's central railway, seven days' trekking south. No very keen eye for the prospects of white settlement was needed to discern that for the white man as stock-farmer, planter, trader, and merchant, Kingo's country held out unusual attractions. If the marshes of Sekenke with their gold were malaria-ridden, the forest country of Ussure beyond held healthy timber trade, while the great plateau, towering 2,000 ft. above the marshes on the one side and the fertile Dulume Valley on the other, with its 600 square miles of pasture and crop land offered that equable, healthy climate of the African highlands marked as the *sine qua non* for successful white residence, for the plateau is 5,000 ft. above sea-level.

All the factors for successful farming were there; land was plentiful and could not be other than cheap; as prolific native crops proved, grain, tobacco, and like crops flourished; and enterprising Greek as well as Arab planters had already established plantations which yielded small crops of the main tropical fruits, as well as rice, wheat, coffee, and numerous European fruits and vegetables. Native cattle, with their yield of hides and the valuable commodity, samli or native butter, were not only cheap but an obvious source of grading stock for the rancher, and were of the type which has since been shown to yield the highest percentage of butter-fat of any dairy stock in the world. The prospective settler with an eye for labour could not have been but impressed with the sturdy, industrious, cheerful Aniramba, contrasting strikingly with their neighbours, the weedy and aloof Anyaturu and the lazy Agogo. Any political ju-ju man with a "Colonial development' magic policy in brew might well have worked bewitchment with the settlement prospects of Iramba.

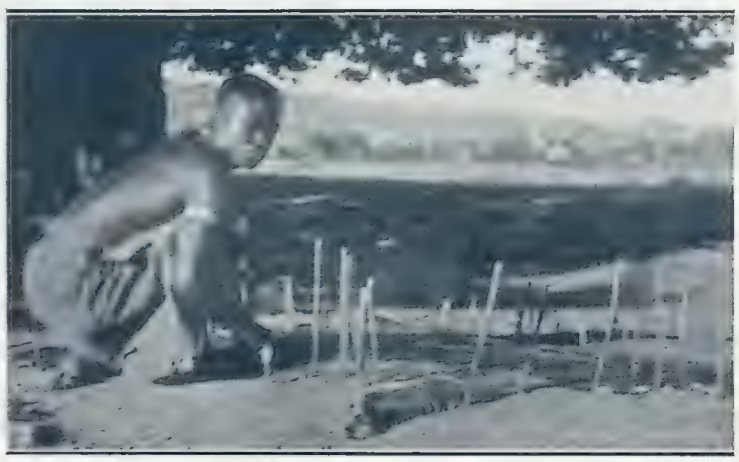
The more seasoned, if somewhat sun-bleared eye of the old settler in Africa, could see the flaws. Kingo's wide reputation as a rainmaker marked one; when a tribe lives in dread of drought it behoves their chief to be a mighty rain-doctor. The immense herds of Iramba stock were a menace, in their very numbers threatening the overstocked land with impoverishment. Numerous stock scourges, too, could not escape the experienced settler—rinderpest, pleuro-pneumonia, and ills borne by the ticks that came off the grasses and stuck to his knees as he trekked down the native bushpaths, where, also, the buzz of tsetse made him think twice about stock. As a trader he looked with a dubious eye on the methods of those Arab storekeepers with their army of buyers touting for native produce; in crops he noted the numerous pests, that some crops went bad in storage, that others came late to harvest when the rains were small. The chances were there would be much hard graft to extract them.

The thoroughness with which our colony-makers tackle that task is shown by the work of the past ten years which alone has justified the building now of a railway to throw open Iramba for settlement and trade. The first problem tackled was the one which has faced the black chiefs of Iramba for generations past, the problem of rain. You cannot ranch stock on drought-stricken pastures; you cannot crop grains, fruit, tobacco, or what, without rain; equally so you cannot make it rain. One of our first tasks in Iramba was the keeping of careful records of rainfall, one of the most important everyday jobs in Colony-making, for rainfall, wind, humidity, temperature, and allied climatic conditions which vary so much even within the confines of quite a small district, have a vital bearing not only on health but on crop diseases, insect pests, the state of markets, and the possibilities of transport, four main factors in farming.

Records in Iramba showed that the district had an average yearly rainfall of about 26 in. over ten years, with rather more on the Plateau; but this figure marked the district as definitely "droughty." A little more work gave a more cheerful aspect, for it revealed that large belts of gravel, sand, and clay underly the land, becoming water-logged during the rains and retaining the moisture for many months afterwards. A tour of the kraals and a shrewd eye cast over native grain-plots also showed that the overstocked pastures, baked by the sun and swept by high winds, were becoming arid while many of the kinds of crop plants that the natives grew came too late to harvest to take full advantage of the rains. That, it seems, takes only a paragraph to write; to work, it cost many months of hard trekking through sun-scorched bush, endless hours of tiring work tramping up and down, over ridges, in potato gardens and grain-plots, exasperating delving and digging in marsh, forest, and mountain-side, lone camps by lone men in lonely places, where mosquitoes were a nightmare and bilharzia lurking in the water mingled with one's sundowner, a minor calamity. A cairn of Iramba rock marks the last campdown of more than one ordinary Briton who joined in that job. Its chief results showed that the main tasks in making this corner of the colony were to increase the use of certain dry-land fodder trees, bushes, grasses, and plants which would supplement the threatened pastures, and also to introduce quick-harvesting crops—millets, beans, maize, rice—which could be sown and reaped in the face of drought, and which at critical stages of their growth would derive the utmost benefit from the scanty rains.

Accordingly plots were planted with different types of grain, and they afford a practical idea of the extensive and intricate every day work of Colony-making. Natives have long grown millets on little mounds or hillocks; but it was a question whether two seeds or one gave a better yield per hillock. This may seem a very small item until one thinks in terms of a thousand or so square miles of hillocks. Some seeds were planted early for the rains; some later, and some very late; it was found that one plant per hillock gave better yield than two, and similar tests also showed that seeds planted 2 ft. 4 in. apart gave less yield than those planted at 2 ft. 6 in.; while by careful tests connected with these a type of seed was selected with the maximum grain yield under Iramba's rain conditions. Like

(Continued on p. 306)



The native is being trained in the curing of one of the world's most valuable products—hides

"Thrillers" by Abdulla

STIFF AND STARK.

John and Miranda, a young married pair,
Took a dank furnished house with a desolate air,
Whose Owner had totally vanished—
They gallantly strove to feel happy and bright,
But sounds in the Basement the very first night
Roused a terror that would not be banished;

They crept to investigate, shaking with fear,
Both the cellar and kitchen were quiet and drear
And the scullery left them undaunted,
'Twas a menacing Ice-Safe they shuddered before
Till John screwed up courage to open the door—
Gosh!—No wonder "Mon Repos" was haunted—

What Gang had condemned its late Owner to freeze
With icicled forehead and manacled knees,
And a face turned a ghastly green colour? - - - -
"At least" murmured John "they were kind and polite
"And brightened his end with Abdulla's Delight,
"Even Criminals worship Abdulla."

F. R. HOLMES.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

The *NEW* INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

By LANCELOT LAWSON—PART I

(Continued from p. 273)

LABOUR-SAVING: A device to eliminate the charwoman is being tried out in a well-known Oxford Street establishment. It scrubs, mops, and polishes floors, and can also be used for cleaning pavings, marble, and other flat surfaces with great success

in so many instances stoves and other apparatus are of crude early nineteenth-century design. But already it is apparent that the new industrial revolution will penetrate into the last stronghold of primitiveness, the home. On the Continent, in the United States, and to a less extent in this country, heat and hot water are distributed from central stations to large blocks of flats or aggregations of houses. In half a century from now mechanical power will be available in all dwellings. In the interest of progress, prizes ought to be offered for the best design for a house (or series of houses or flats) with special regard to engineering as well as to architectural advantages.

Just as in the first industrial revolution steam-power was the primary factor, so in the second industrial revolution the dispersal of mechanical power is the dominant feature. Wires and pipes, these will compose the artery systems by which power or the substances from which power is generated is circulated far and wide.

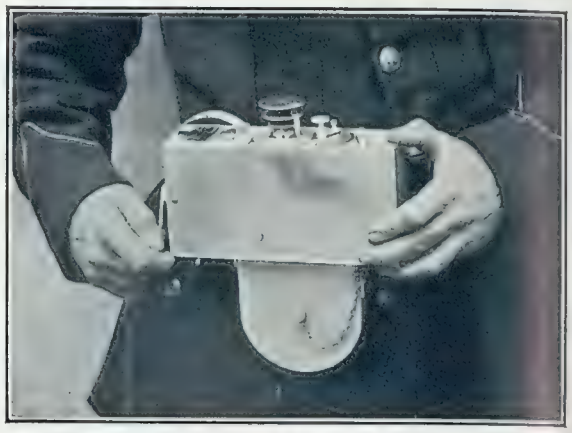
Already achievement is remarkable. Electrical power is as exportable as any other commodity. It is transmitted from the Alps to the shores of the North Sea. It is also "sent" by submarine cable from Sweden to Denmark. Thus it goes with equal facility under the sea and over the land. No obstacle can stay its progress; frontiers, plains, mountains, rivers, and seas, all have been crossed. What more practical service to the cause of universality could be imagined than this placing of the superfluous mechanical power of one nation at the disposal of the man-power of another?

Pipes not less than wires will determine the character of the future civilization. Mention of them brings to the imagination a forbidding picture—miles of ugly tubings stretching above and below ground, the circulatory systems of modern cities and industries. Yet despite its unsightliness, no contrivance has so fine a record of service as the pipe. Long before America was discovered the Tartars used it for centrally heating their dwellings. Since the days of antiquity it has been the medium of conveying water and warmth. Without it, climate and remoteness could not have been conquered.

Modern achievement with pipe-lines is impressive. The United States has pipe-lines extending to one hundred thousand miles for the transmission of oil, and to sixty thousand miles for the transmission of natural gas. In Germany and France projects have been definitely accepted for the "piping" of coal-gas over great distances. In Russia the laying of a pipe-line from the oilfields of Emba, in the steppe, east of the Caspian Sea, to refineries in Samara on the Volga is contemplated. In England experts are investigating long-distance gas-transmission with a view to the formulation of schemes suitable for this country.

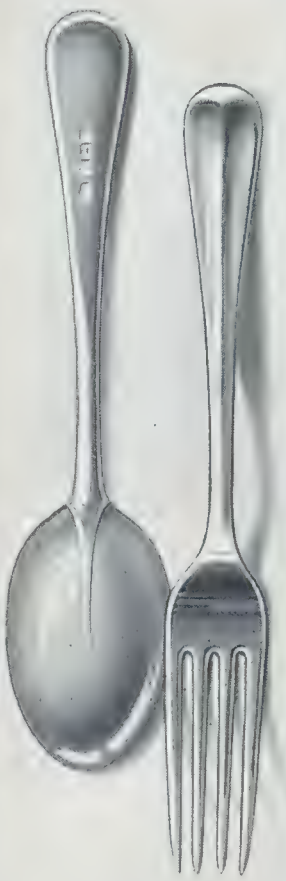
The projects mentioned are but the first phases of the great transformation which the second industrial revolution will accomplish. Pipes and cables are as important for our age as were railways for the epoch that has passed. Railways were one of the chief causes of excessive centralization. They brought to the cities raw fuel from which energy was derived and consumed on the spot; as a result populations became unavoidably congested. Since coal, the substance handled, was rigid and bulky, no other system of conveyance and concentration was possible. Wires by distributing energy far and wide, by rendering it available whenever and wherever required, by permitting its utilization with but a minimum of man-power have a reverse effect; they compel decentralization.

Pipe-lines exert a similar influence. Through them fuel in flexible forms flows great distances and can be "tapped" whenever and wherever required, in the fields almost as conveniently as in the factories. The consequences, I repeat, will be tremendous. Of late, Lord Birkenhead and others have pictured the cities of a hundred years hence. But I do not think cities will exist then; long before they will have been destroyed by pipes and wires.



MECHANIZATION EVERYWHERE: A new ticket machine now in use on a London omnibus. The machine is worked by turning a handle, and the value of the ticket is fixed by an adjustment of the knob on the top of the device. The tickets are 1¾ in. by ¾ in.

SPECIAL £50 CABINET of STERLING SILVER SPOONS FORKS & IVORY HANDLE CUTLERY



The RAT-TAIL PATTERN

THIS Polished Oak Cabinet is conveniently fitted with Sterling Silver Spoons and Forks and fine African Ivory Cutlery with Stainless Steel Blades. Contents:—12 Table Spoons, 12 Table Forks, 12 Dessert Spoons, 12 Dessert Forks, 12 Tea Spoons, 1 pr. Sugar Tongs, 2 Sauce Ladles, 1 Soup Ladle, 12 Table Knives, 12 Cheese Knives, 1 pr. Meat Carvers, 1 pr. Game Carvers, 1 Knife Sharpener.

£50 : 0 : 0

A Catalogue of Spoons, Forks, Cutlery and Canteens in Sterling Silver and Prince's Plate will be sent by return.

Prices range from **£7 10 0** to **300 Guineas.**

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BY PEOPLE WHO KNOW.

PLAYER'S

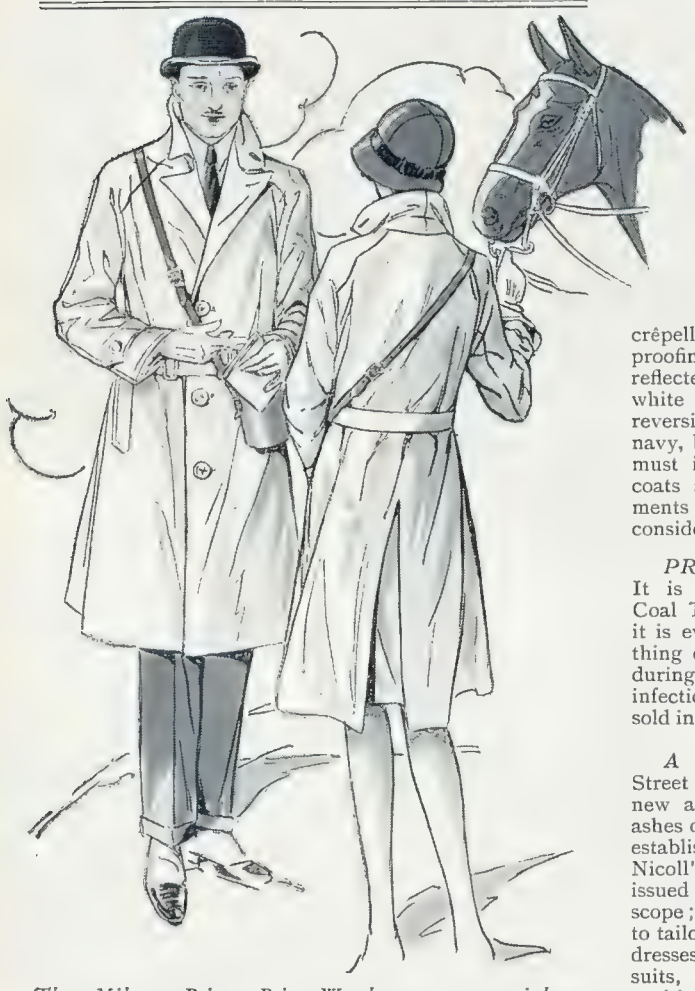
"Medium" Navy Cut
TOBACCO 1/0½D per oz

"Medium" Navy Cut
CIGARETTES 20 for 11½D

N.C.C. 828A

The WOMAN'S SPHERE

By Marjorie



These Milwata Point-to-Point Weathercoats are carried out in double texture. There are inverted fan-shaped pleats at the back so that the coats afford protection when riding or driving a car

MILWATA WEATHERPROOFS. — There are many prophecies about the weather for the coming summer, and the consensus of opinion is that during the ensuing months there will be more rain than will be welcome. Therefore intelligent men and women will at the earliest opportunity invest in a Milwata Weatherproof. Illustrated on this page are the Point-to-Point models; they are made of smart light-weight double texture; they are arranged with inverted fan pleats at the back so that the coats afford protection for the knees when riding or driving a car; the man's is provided with a leg-strap, which is an immense advantage. These coats are very strong and reliable, and are guaranteed to do yeoman service. Should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, H. E. Mills, the maker, Milwata House, 18, Wells Street, W., will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent.

RODIER'S CRÊPE MILWATA-PROOFED.—The acme of smartness are the Milwata coats that are carried out in Rodier's crêpella, which has been submitted to the Milwata proofing; in them the latest commands of Fashion are reflected. Again, there are the reversible black and white proofed crêpe de chine coats, and there are other reversible coats in white sheeting reversed with red, navy, black, jade, and other fashionable colours. Neither must it be overlooked that there are Milwata leather coats at exceptionally moderate prices. The requirements of children have likewise received the greatest consideration.

PROTECTS FROM RISK OF INFECTION.—It is no exaggeration to state that when Wright's Coal Tar Soap is used tiredness is left in the bath; it is ever so refreshing, but perhaps the most important thing of all is that it kills all the germs that are collected during the day and is a protection against the risk of infection. It is invaluable in the nursery. This soap is sold in 6d. and 10d. tablets, the latter for bath use.

A THOROUGH REORGANIZATION.—Regent Street has greatly changed during the last few years, new and modern buildings rising almost before the ashes of the old have fairly settled down. Among the establishments that have been revolutionized is H. J. Nicoll's at 114–120, Regent Street, W. This firm have issued a catalogue which gives a survey of their present scope; it will be sent gratis and post free. In addition to tailored suits and wraps there are day and evening dresses; accessories, including lingerie, hats, bathing-suits, umbrellas, and handbags occupy prominent positions. Now, as prices have always to be considered, it must be related that there are ready-to-wear tailored suits for 4½ guineas, while those made to measure are 6½ guineas. Coats of the Chesterfield character made to measure are 5½ guineas; they look so well when carried out in Saxony tweed or fleece. Admirable white washing-silk tennis frocks with full flared skirts are 63s., while flannel blazers in all colours are 39s. 6d. Cream spun-silk blouses are available for a guinea.

SUN-TAN SWIMMING SUITS.—Narrow braces hold the sun-tan swimming suits in position; they spring from the *décolletage* in front, cross over at the back, and are fastened with two buttons. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W., are making a feature of these in elastic wool for 29s. 6d.; they are available in a variety of colour schemes. They have rivals to encounter in the artificial spun-silk suits cut on Canadian lines with "V"-neck back and front. A decidedly new note is struck in the tailored flannel surf shorts; they are finished with a corded satin belt, and are destined to be seen in alliance with woollen stockinette swimmers; the shorts are likewise made of linen.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap increases the refreshing effect of a bath; it kills the germs collected during the day, and is a protection against the risk of infection

MINTON

Mintons have manufactured for over 100 years fine decorative China of distinctive charm and individual character.

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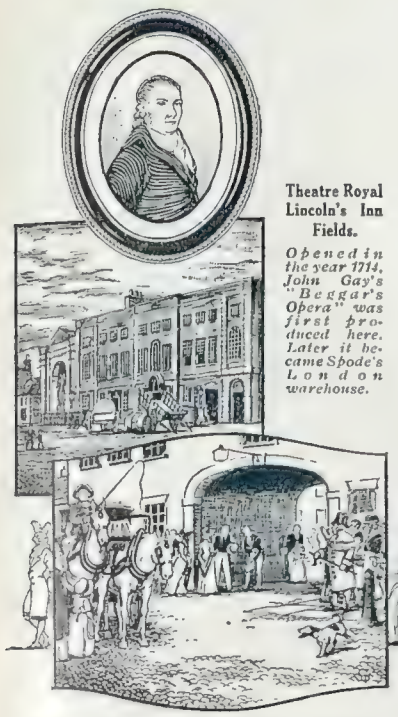
250TH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE FOUNDING OF THE
WHITEFRIARS GLASS WORKS
1680 — 1930

An Exhibition will be held from 16th to 28th JUNE, showing the History of the old Works & their interesting Site, at 100, WIGMORE ST., W. 1

JAMES POWELL & SONS
(WHITEFRIARS) LTD.

The Genius of Spode lives on



Theatre Royal Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Opened in the year 1714, John Gay's "Beggar's Opera" was first produced here. Later it became Spode's London warehouse.

Her Majesty, Queen Charlotte, specially visited the Spode Pottery in August, 1817, to see the Stone China, 'the beautiful Body lately discovered by Mr. Spode.'

To-day, as in the past, Spode craftsmen continue to produce Ware that is perfect in line, form and colour, and yet always replaceable.

The exclusive Spode formulæ for the production of the Fine China and Earthenware bodies which are unequalled for their strength and beauty still remain closely-guarded secrets.

Spode's legacy of exquisite patterns, original moulds, engravings, and designs ever continues to inspire to even greater things the craftsmen who so ably follow him to-day.

Write for Booklet
"THROUGH THE DAY WITH SPODE."

Spode

W. T. COPELAND & SONS
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and Stoke-on-Trent

Shelley CHINA

THE English country garden, with its clusters of "gay flowers" and its rustic arches woven with blooms, was a fit subject for the Shelley artists to translate on to china. All hand painted.

Price List of Shelley No. 11606,
Garden Scene Pattern as illustrated above.

Dinner Set, 26-piece	£6.12.6
Dessert Set, 9-piece	£2.5.10
Tea Set, 40-piece	£5.8.4
Tea Set, 21-piece	£3.0.3
Coffee Set "K"	£2.7.0
Morning Set "I"	£1.9.0
Fruit Set	£1.15.10
Sandwich Set	£1.6.0

LUCIE ATTWELL NURSERY WARE
Baby Plates, round or oval, **2/6** each.
Teapot, 24's (1½ pint), **5/-**
Milk Horns (with handles), L/s, **2/6**
Tea Cup and Saucer, "Savoy," **2/-**

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AYNSLEY — THE CHINA MADE SINCE 1775

Pagoda 3953.

AYNSLEY CHINA

COLOURFUL design with bright small flowers and the Pagoda featured in a warm brown finished in gold.

If you are contemplating new china you would be well advised to ask to see Aynsley China. It is English Bone China at its best and decorated in a wide variety of patterns. Obtainable in Tea, Breakfast and Coffee Sets, Dinner and Dessert Ware.

Take a piece and examine it closely. You will appreciate its exceedingly high standard of finish.

JOHN AYNSLEY & SONS
PORTLAND WORKS, LONGTON, STAFFS.

Rocketing at

5,000 MILES AN HOUR.

To Circumnavigate the Earth in a 'Plane Propelled by Liquid Rockets is, in the Belief of the Author, a Project Capable of Early Attainment

By FRITZ von OPEL

Regardless of the scepticism of scientists—and I remember how they mocked me before I tried out my first rocket 'plane last September 30—I am prepared to say that I hope to live until the day when I shall fly a 'plane, propelled by rockets, around the world in six hours.

Before another year is up I am going to retrace the path first blazed twenty years ago by Louis Bleriot when he piloted an aeroplane from Calais to Dover across the English Channel. Only I plan to clip off much of the time he required to make the flight. I have calculated that I can make the hop in exactly 14½ minutes.

On June 23, 1928, I surprised the motor and mechanical world when I climbed into my rocket car, which they called the "Devil Machine," and reached a speed of 156⅓ m.p.h. on rails near Hanover, Germany. That was thirty-nine miles faster per hour than had ever been previously attained by a car on rails.

This engine was equipped with a case of twenty-four rockets. When I tried to increase its speed further the car hurtled into the air and tumbled off the road-bed in a flaming mass.

It might have been that the accident was caused by the premature explosion of one of the brake rockets. I escaped uninjured. The misfortune, however, left me nothing daunted, for the experiment convinced me of the speed possibilities of rocket propulsion.

I kept right on experimenting with rockets in my laboratory. At the same time I had to watch over the von Opel factories at Russelheim, Germany.

By last September 30 I was ready to go up in my perfected rocket 'plane. My machine was smashed up on landing, for I had flown at a height of 49 ft. and I had not achieved a sufficient height to ensure a safe glide to earth. But the flight was everywhere proclaimed as successful, and from that day onward I have been concentrating on new adventures and achievements with the rocket 'plane.

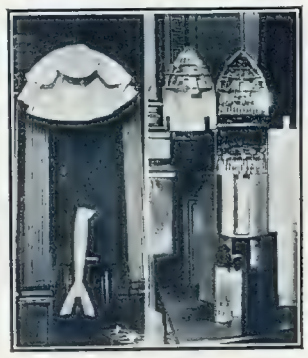
Many of my friends have asked me where I ever got the idea of applying rockets to motor-cars and aeroplanes. For the first time I will explain it here. When I got interested in aviation and the motor-car industry I remembered that when I was in college I read a treatise by a professor who was at the University of Padua in the Middle Ages.

This professor, whose name now escapes me, went so far as to sketch diagrams illustrating the application of rockets to aeroplanes and to submarines. He was a great prophet. He saw ages ahead of his time. The idea of driving a submarine with rockets is not practical, nor is it possible, I have concluded long ago.

I can remember when I was a student at the University of Darmstadt specializing in engineering I thought a lot of the Italian professor's ideas, and I hoped to experiment with his theories some day.

Theoretically there is nothing astonishing I can announce as the result of experiments about making a speed of 5,000 m.p.h. with a rocket 'plane.

In my last rocket 'plane flight I used powder rockets. I have given them up, and I am going to use liquid rockets in the future. There is no doubt that these chemicals, which are mostly gases, will be better adapted for the successful flying by rockets. The 'plane which is under construction for the English Channel flight is going to be driven by the liquid rockets.



DESTINED FOR THE SATELLITE: Two models of the rocket designed by Professor Oberth. It has a parachute by which it descends to earth

It is this same liquid rocket which I firmly believe will some day drive men around the world in six hours. This is in striking contrast, to be sure, to the once fantastic plan of Jules Verne to circumnavigate the globe in eighty days. However, the practical uses for the powder rocket still hold when it comes to hurling lines to piers, shipwrecked craft, and in shooting hose for combating skyscraper fires.

The liquid rocket can be operated continuously for about fifty or sixty hours should the occasion arise, and it has far more power than the powder type.

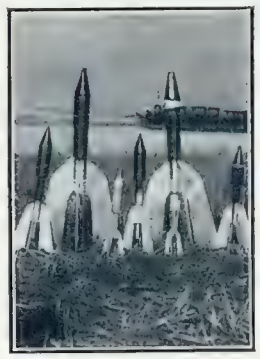
When this specimen of rocket in which I have chosen to specialize loses weight, the law of balance causes it to move forward in see-saw fashion to make up for this deficiency of bulk. The loss of weight is caused by the gradual escape of gas. The rocket's speed depends on the weight of the rocket and the amount of gas lost.

I use two liquids in the head of this rocket. As long as is possible I am going to keep the names of those chemicals secret. The names of these are considered very precious. These two liquids are forced into a combustion chamber in the head of the rocket by pumps.

In turn the gas formed by the burning of the two liquids penetrates into a larger chamber and then through a smaller aperture at the rate of 2,200 metres a second. The flow of the liquid into the combustion chamber can be regulated. So also the rocket 'plane's speed.

There is one problem confronting us at present, and that is keeping the 'plane up. The rocket 'plane will operate best at a height of about 50,000 ft. High speed will help keep the 'plane aloft, and I think the construction of larger wings will also aid.

No doubt many aeroplane mechanics and scientists will look upon what I say as being the ideas of a dreamer and a visionary. I am conscious that my projects have been held up to the light of doubt, but I proved I could make a rocket motor-car, and I did it with the aeroplane. I am not afraid to predict that I will some day fly around the earth at a speed four times greater than that planet revolves around its axis.



BLAZING AT THE MOON: Seven varieties of rocket used in experiment by M. Louis Ocenasek of Prague

Already in my laboratory tests I have reached a speed with rockets of 3,600 m.p.h. Judging from the advances I have made—of course all of that has been in theory — I wouldn't be surprised if I reached a velocity of 5,000 m.p.h. with my rockets in my laboratory experiments. I believe the rocket is going to bring aviation into great forward strides. At least, that is my ambition.

"Flowers from my Garden"

An entirely new "Harlequin" Tea Set designed by "Pan"

The service, for twelve persons, comprising forty pieces, is decorated by hand on the finest quality china, six distinct flower motifs being included. Available with either White or Primrose ground and on a plain or slightly embossed shape as preferred. The beauty and craftsmanship of modelling, the simple but effective characterisation of our favourite flowers, and the subtle blending of colours in the general decorative scheme, will commend this set to discerning buyers.

Ask your China dealer to show you the new Harlequin Tea Set in the "Garden" series, designed by "Pan" and produced by

CROWN STAFFORDSHIRE PORCELAIN CO., LTD.,
(Greens' of Fenton)

"Famous for Flowers," but supply "Everything in China"

ROCKINGHAM DESIGN No. 07834.
CHINA TEA AND BREAKFAST WARE.
SEMI-PORCELAIN DINNER WARE.

An Old English spray design after the Rockingham style has been used for this beautiful tea, breakfast and dinner ware with very charming effect, the design being delightfully executed in tastefully harmonised colours. The china and semi-porcelain is of the usual fine quality of Adderley Ware, and can be supplied in the new Ivory Shade or White.

Write for illustration in full colours and address of nearest dealer, or we will send you a sample cup and saucer post free upon receipt of 2/6

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we are showing a model tiled bathroom, complete with the latest and best sanitary equipment of every kind, which we venture to say will be—

the finest thing of its kind ever shown in this country.

It will be executed in exquisite colour harmony throughout; for it is our purpose to show that a tiled bathroom—and more particularly a tiled "*Recesso*" bathroom—apart from being perfectly hygienic and admirably equipped with everything that makes for its users' convenience and comfort, may be also "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

The dominant note of the colour scheme will be a soft green, and the wall tiling will be in a delicate eggshell glaze peculiarly suitable for this class of work. The sanitary ware, executed in a beautiful green finish harmonizing perfectly with that of the tiling, will be the famous

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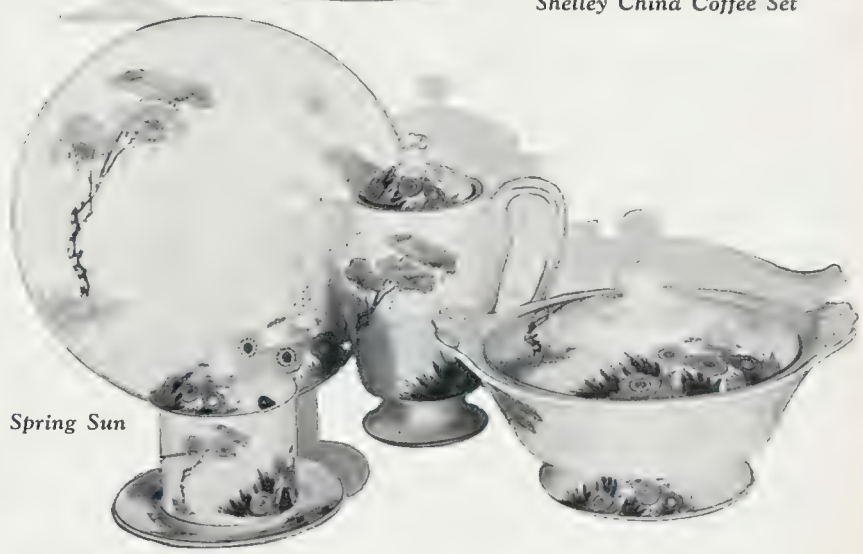
Write to Henry Richards Tile Co., Ltd., Tunstall, Stoke-on-Trent, for Catalogue W.5, which will include fine coloured illustration of the latest thing in beautiful bathrooms.

LAWLEYS

Shelley China Coffee Set



Spring Sun

SHELLEY CHINA COFFEE SET, No. 11621, PRICE £2 . 9 . 6

This is China at its best and decorated with a pleasing colourful pattern, featuring the Country Cottage and its delightful Garden. Tea, Morning and Fruit Sets are also supplied.

SPRING SUN.

Bring the beauty of nature into your home with this ware. Rich whole masses of colour and green trees on an Ivory Ground, make a most effective decoration.

Dinner Set, 26 pcs., 63/- Tea Set, 21 pcs., 20/-
" " 52 pcs., £5.10.0 Breakfast Set, 29 pcs., 30/-
Morning Set, 10/6 Coffee Set, 15/- Fruit Set, 6/6 Honeys, 3/9

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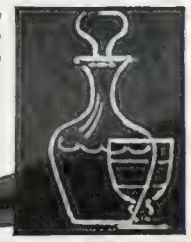

DISTINCTIVE TABLEWARE

The MAKING of EMPIRE

By Captain W. Hichens

(*Continued from p. 298*).

tests were carried out with maize, beans, and sorghums and rice, while for the benefit of settlers trials were made and results recorded for wheat and coffee. At the same time hundreds of native grain-plots were visited, their planting methods carefully investigated, and the actual crop yields measured, in order that the practical value of new systems might be compared.

To make ready the district for ranchers, close attention was paid to pastures and stock diseases. Drought-resisting fodder trees, bushes, and plants have been grown in test plots and distributed for experiment to stockowners throughout the district, while a veritable army of men in field and laboratory has deployed on cattle scourges. A kind of mange in sheep and goats, peculiar to Iramba, has been combated by the building of dipping-tanks through which the stock is periodically driven; scourges caused by fungi, ticks, flies, have been tracked down and measures taken to defeat them.

The most exacting task of all, however, has been the campaign against the rancher's worst foe, tsetse-fly. There is no tsetse on the actual stock pastures of Iramba, but the district was practically walled in by belts of bush infested with this deadly stock-pest, and in the efforts now being made to control and eradicate tsetse is instanced some of the finest of modern work in colony construction. In the tsetse belts around Iramba skilled ecologists, entomologists, and botanists are now at work with gangs of trained natives, touring the fly haunts at exact hours every day, studying the exact flight, feeding, breeding, and attack habits of the pest, the types of forest and vegetation which it favours or avoids, its behaviour in relation to game, cattle, and man, and its conduct under rain, sun, humidity, by day and night.

But drought and the pests and scourges of crops and cattle are not the only obstacles to progressive settlement; one must have efficient farm and plantation labour and only healthy labourers can be efficient. Doctors, sanitary inspectors, the settlers themselves, and native chiefs and headmen, even the ordinary savage, have all joined forces to combat the inevitable tropical diseases which menace this corner of our colonies. Leprosy, that appalling bane of the tropics, was so prevalent in Iramba ten years ago that in 200 natives who came to me to pay hut-tax I found over eighty lepers. The scourge has been fought from every angle. The lepers have been segregated in equipped lazarettos and given hope and prospects of health by the most modern treatments. By the generosity of Britons at home a sum of £700 and 400 lb. of hydnocarpus oil, used in leprosy cure, went out to Tanganyika in a single twelvemonth, and with a grant from Government, control of leprosy in Iramba is now established. New treatments have been tested out, many with success, and one is sufficiently unique to detail, that of "protein shock therapy." It consists of giving an injection, of all things on earth, of condensed milk dissolved in distilled water to which is added a tiny quantity of antimony tartrate; and its effect in healing leprous ulcers has proved remarkable. One might say that it literally "shocks" the leprosy germs out of the patient's body. Hookworm, or anchylostomiasis, is another disease combated, both in the interests of the thousands of Aniramba who suffer from it and with the effect of providing sturdy, healthy, hard-working labourers for the settler. The medical treatment given is extremely unpleasant, and as many natives thought they were being bewitched, or even deliberately poisoned by some insidious brand of European magic, the task of settlers in persuading their natives to undergo treatment and the lot of doctors in giving it has proved no easy one. But the work is a rigid stone in this colony building.

The black cylinders in this baobab are native beehives

With the energetic support of merchants, cattle-buyers, and native produce traders who trade in or visit Iramba, trade has been put on a staple basis. The reprehensible system by which touts of the Arab traders toured the native huts bartering trash for hides, skins, samli, beeswax, grain, and ground-nuts has been abolished, and in its place produce markets at the chief native centres have been established where the native can sell his cattle or crops and the buyer can buy on a fair and square basis.

The new railway into Iramba will link up this ten years of work into a definite chain of development. It will throw open Iramba, as it always has been a country of great potentialities for the farmer, planter, rancher, and trader, but with the enormous difference that the main factors of these potentialities are now known and regularized. Whether his line be coffee or sisal, wheat or tobacco or maize, the new planter taking up land in Iramba now has a practical foundation on which to start. He knows whether and where his crop will grow, what soils it will grow upon, what rain and sun he may expect to nurture it, what pests may attack it and what means he may use to combat them, and he will work with a labour force nearly twice as efficient as it was a few years ago. The rancher need no longer fear the uncontrolled incursion of the tsetse that may drive him from his ranch, nor the unhindered spread of scourges to decimate his herds. Cattle diseases he must still face, but he can command the ordered resources of quarantine, sera, vaccines, provided by his district.

All that has been achieved only by much hard arduous routine work, some at research stations and laboratories both at home and in Africa, but the great proportion done in the field in Iramba. It is work that goes on daily, yearly, in all our Colonies—the real graft of Colony-making. It is done by the men who trek from kraal to kraal for weeks and months on end on a tireless round of cattle inspection, giving sera to this kraal, instruction to that, culling bulls in one, dipping sheep in another; by the doctors, botanists, geologists, who make the marshes and the mountains, the plains and bush, their homes, building their laboratories of mud and thatch and wattle out in the wilds to rive from it its secrets for the settlers' safeguard. It is the task of the men who to-day are camped in the heart of the tsetse-bush waging war on the settler's most insidious enemy. And by no means least in this work of development is the settler himself. It is he who carries into working practice the research, systems and discoveries that have been formulated to improve his district.

To such men and their work Iramba stands to-day as a triumph of modern colonising. Ten years ago it was a back-block district peopled by tribes who grew vast crops and owned great herds. To-day it is one of Tanganyika's most promising new settlement areas for Europeans, with an organized native population of 100,000 tribesfolk.

This has not been done by any waving of magico-political wands; the brunt and the risk and the rigour have been borne by those settlers and scientists, traders and tsetse-experts, planters and pathologists, who go out to the limits of Empire to rive "Colonial development" out of the virgin wilds. It is these who build the Empire. They have every right to be proud of it.

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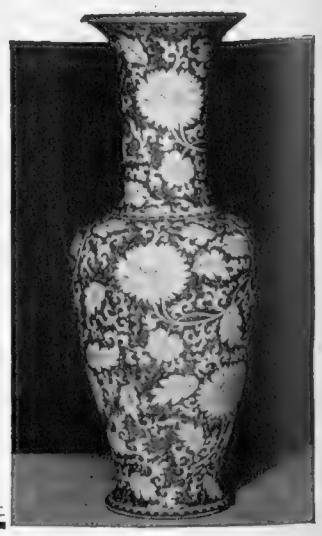

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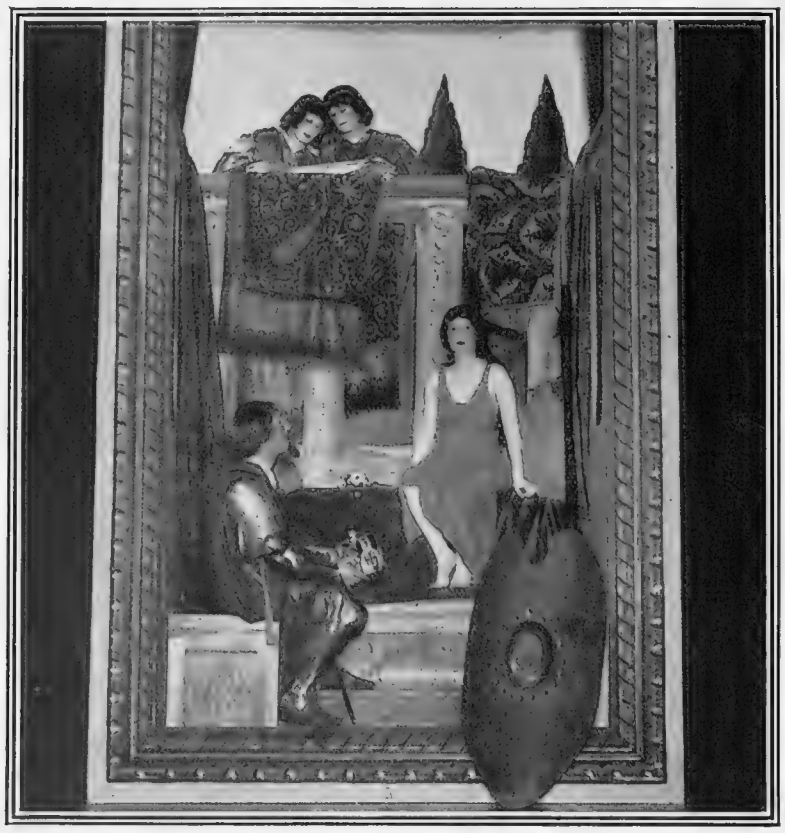


KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR MAID: A musical cameo after the Burne-Jones in the Tate Gallery, presented at the Metropole by the "No-Trumpers," a band of amateurs who act and sing in plays, songs, and sketches entirely written and composed by themselves. They produced a cabaret on May 8 in aid of the Middlesex Hospital. "The No-Trumpers" were founded a few years ago by the late John Karminski, himself a brilliant pianist. They present each year a play, an operatic burlesque, or a revue, and the proceeds in aid of numerous charities have already amounted to several thousands of pounds. "The No-Trumpers" started originally as a small family concert party. In the course of a few years, however, they enlarged their scope, and each year gave a week's performance at a London theatre

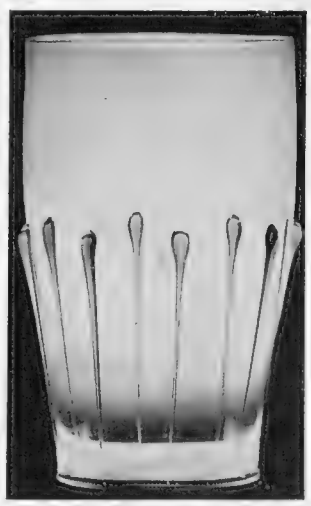
250 YEARS of GLASS-MAKING.

The History of the Whitefriars Glassworks

For 250 years the art of glass-making has been carried on continuously by the Whitefriars Glassworks. Until seven years ago the works were still on the original site in the Precinct of Whitefriars lying just east of the Temple. On this ground once stood the Carmelite Monastery, which held sway there until its dissolution in the reign of Henry VIII, who handed over the buildings to his friends. By the time that James I came to the throne, and while the district was still legally "Sanctuary," the Precinct had become the resort of thieves and cut-throats and was known as Alsatia.

The works passed through various hands during the eighteenth century, though sometimes an apprentice married his master's daughter and the works were passed on and not sold. They were, however, disposed of by Mr. Gwatkin, the executor of Carey Stafford, who had come into the possession of the works in 1765.

The works were bought in 1834 by James Powell, who was born in 1774. In 1850 came the revival of stained glass, a craft which had been lost for over two hundred years, and was only revived by the endless experiments carried out at the works by Mr. Arthur Powell with the help of Mr. Charles Winston.



A PRODUCT OF POWELL'S: A charming vase made at the Whitefriars Glassworks

From that date more and more glorious colours have been discovered until it can no longer be said, "Why cannot the colours of the old glass be reproduced?"

Many famous artists have worked for the firm, and amongst those most intimately connected with it are the following: Ford Madox Brown, James Doyle, Henry Holliday, Sir E. Burne-Jones, Bart., Albert Moore, William de Morgan, Sir William Richmond, R.A., William Riviere, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, H. S. Woolridge.

Burne-Jones's early work for stained glass was carried out for Messrs. Powell and Sir Edward Poynter, afterwards P.R.A., received the first commissions of his life from Messrs. Powell in the shape of drawings made for their stained-glass windows.

On the other side of the business, the domestic glass, Phillip Webb designed a suite of glass for Burne-Jones of which Messrs. Powell still have in their possession two of the original pieces. Sir Thomas Graham Jackson, Bart., R.A., the famous architect, also designed a beautiful suite of glass which was the result of having spent many hours in the glass-house watching the men at work and appreciating the subtle curves and shapes the glasses passed through before reaching their final form.

There are not many factories in the world that can boast a continuous record of 250 years, but during that time there has always been a Whitefriars furnace alight, the furnaces at the new works having been started by fire taken specially from the old furnaces before they were finally extinguished.

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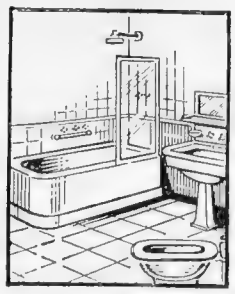

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You know how much better I've been these last two years. I don't know what indigestion is nowadays, and I've ten times as much vigour as I had. I put that down entirely to obeying Dr. Jones and taking Vita-Weat at every meal. You see, it contains no undercooked starch, and all the goodness of the whole wheat is preserved in it. And it *is* so much pleasanter than any other kind of bread . . . .

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The PORT of DUBLIN

Giant strides in development

A NOTED PORT OF THE FREE STATE: The promenade and harbour of Dun Laoghaire (once Kingstown). The Port of Dublin has recently increased the rate of discharge for grain cargoes in the case of River Plate and Australian Charters from 450 to 600 tons per day

Six miles of quay frontage, including the canal docks, make up the area of the Port of Dublin, which is under the administration of the Dublin Port and Docks Board, in the same way as the Port of London Authority administers the affairs of the Port of London. There of course any comparison must necessarily end, since the trade opportunities, like the populations and needs of the United Kingdom on the one hand and those of the Free State, or even the whole of Ireland, regarded geographically and not politically, on the other, are so different.

All the same there is no less enthusiasm, zeal, and concentrated effort on the part of the Dublin Board to develop and increase the possibilities of the port than exists in London, so as not only to attract foreign shippers but also to satisfy their most exigeant demands in the handling of their business.

Were proof of this needed it would be found in the fact that quite recently the Board has so increased the facilities for dealing with the discharge of grain cargoes in the case of the River Plate and Australian charters that, instead of 450 tons a day, 600 tons are now easily handled in the same space of time. This is an achievement which must inevitably attract the attention of shipowners to use the Port of Dublin, not only for their business with the Irish Free State but also with the whole of Ireland, since the old capital of the country, with its direct communication with the railways, is so magnificently placed to act as a centre of distribution, while the facilities it offers for the rapid discharge and loading of cargoes, as well as for warehousing them and providing cold storage for their perishable commodities, are as modern, up to date, and complete as can be found anywhere.

It is no doubt the consideration of these points which, despite the constantly harped upon theme of trade depression everywhere, has resulted in the gradual increase of Dublin's tonnage in both exports and imports as well as of the live stock passing through the port, the numbers, in round figures, being last year of cattle 400,000; sheep, 375,000; pigs, 86,000; and horses, 5,500.

A HIVE OF INDUSTRY: A general view of the Port of Dublin

In connection with Dublin's advantages as a distributing centre for both imports and exports, its association with the grand canal system of Ireland must not be forgotten. This is the longest waterway system in what was, until recently, "the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." It extends from Dublin on the east to Ballinasloe on the west, and from Carrick-on-Shannon in the north to Limerick and Waterford in the south. Barges 60 ft. long and 13 ft. wide, mostly motor-driven, can pass through it on their way to collect and deliver commodities directly to fifty-five towns and in special cases to many more, thus bringing a wide area within easy and cheap reach of Dublin.

The Dublin Port and Docks Board was reconstituted by the special Act of 1898, and consists of the reigning Lord Mayor of Dublin, six members appointed by the Corporation, and twenty-one elective members, twelve being traders and nine shippers. All its members being naturally imbued with an intense local patriotism, the Board, with a far-reaching vision, is fully alive to the inevitable extension of Irish commerce, which must take place, and while providing for the immediate needs of the water-borne traffic, is prepared to deal energetically with every demand made by its increase, to which end it is already fully equipped.

A century and a quarter ago John Rennie in a report wrote—"The improvement of Dublin harbour is perhaps one of the most difficult subjects which has ever come under the consideration of the civil engineer."

Despite that difficulty, which for many years threatened the abandonment of the Liffey as a practical port, improvement after improvement was made, until by constant dredging and the introduction of various other devices, ships of 12,000 tons burden and 32 ft. draught can make the port with ease.

Since 1860 the dredging operations have resulted in the removal of 50,000,000 tons of debris which has been dumped within containing walls and made into solid land upon which part of the city stands on the south side, while on the north shore, some 50 acres have been "won from the waters."

The Board's warehouses which are situated in the Customs House Docks have a total cubic capacity of nearly 4,500,000 cub. ft., and have a storage capacity for 40,000 casks of wines or spirits, 22,000 tons of grain, 10,000 of general merchandise, 30,000 tons of coal, and 9,000 hogsheads of tobacco, 3,500 tons of which, with duties, are valued at £4,000,000, and are sufficient to supply every adult in the country with an ounce of tobacco weekly for the fifty-two weeks of the year.

While in the past Ireland was "the most distressful country that ever yet was seen," that epithet will now have not only to be deleted but will have to be replaced by one of far happier import through the efforts of the Port of Dublin and Docks Board.

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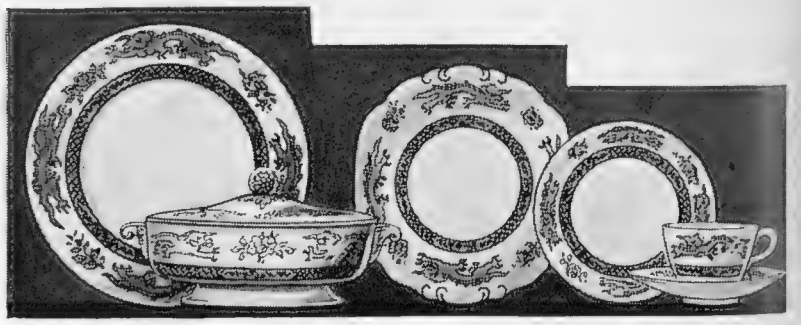

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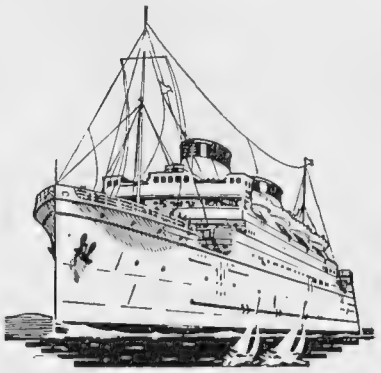

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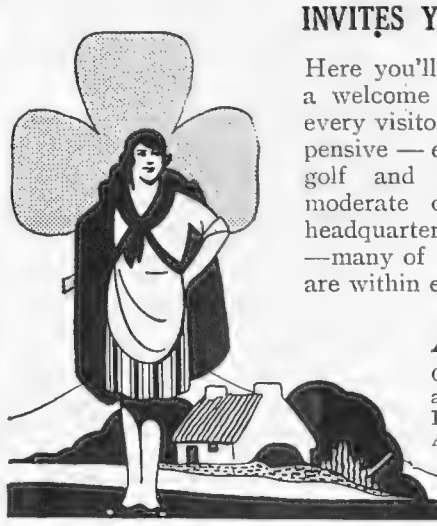

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BELFAST -	47/-	144/3	83/9
CORK - -	55/9	143/-	76/9
DUBLIN - -	52/6	123/-	68/9
KILLARNEY -	62/6	156/9	85/-
LIMERICK -	56/9	141/-	77/6
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etc.

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When men buy their own ties they most frequently select Atkinsons. This is a useful hint for ladies who want to make a gift. Naturally a tie made from a hand-woven fabric of Pure China Silk and finest Merino Wool has the sound qualities that appeal to the masculine mind. Atkinsons Irish Poplin Ties are wrinkleproof, lustrous and rich to handle. They stand an amount of hard usage that would play havoc with ordinary ties, yet each morning of their long lives they appear fresh to face the day's scrutiny and wear.

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IRISH POPLIN TIES

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Something different! Ireland possesses seaside resorts that charm the eye, rest the mind, invigorate the body. All the usual attractions can be enjoyed with the additional advantage of new surroundings, an old-world and delightful people and a CHEAPER HOLIDAY.

Comfortable, fast and convenient travel.

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Inland Resorts include AVOCA, CARAGH LAKE, GLENDALOUGH, KILLARNEY, LISDOONVARNA

Guides and particulars of excursion, tourist, and week-end tickets from Euston or Paddington Stations, or from any LMS or G.W. station, office or agency.

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

TO THE MEMORY OF O'CONNELL: This imposing monument is a feature of Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin

A RELIC OF THE SPANISH TRADE: The old Spanish gate in Galway—a city deeply impregnated with the influence of Spain distinct in its architecture

MEMORIAL OF A FORMER GREATNESS: Ross Castle, one of the lovely old castles of the Killarney district

HOLIDAYS in IRELAND

The Special Section Devoted to the Beauties of ERIN—THE EMERALD ISLE

Go far afield and fare worse than you will in Ireland, which is right at your back door—different, in the true sense of the word, from what we are used to in our travels. The wide world has heard of the fascinating Irish character, of the emerald green of its pastures, of the enchantment in "Killarney's lakes and dells" and of the vastness of the Giant's Causeway; but it is time that something more were known of Ireland than merely its "high spots."

It is a marvellous country, the whole of it—

"From Antrim's coast to wild Cape Clear;"

and the pity is that travellers, casting about for a change from the conventional attractions of the Continent rarely consider what Ireland has to offer. We are waking up, of course, thanks to intelligent propaganda and the restoration of peaceful conditions; and I predict that, before long, County Wicklow will be as well known to English travellers as Switzerland is; and Irish coastal resorts as those, say, of Normandy.

Prophecies apart, it is a fact that Ireland should be better known than it is. Better known to the walker, the motorist, the dilletante lover of ancient things—

"ruin, rath, or mound,
To tell of times that were":

to those who enjoy romantic scenery, rising from the arcadian loveliness of Innisfallen to the grandeur of Dunloe; and to the general holiday-maker himself, who takes in his stride all the characteristics of crowded water-front and quiet countryside.

So far so good; but how do we get to this enchanted land? Well, that is a simple matter, not half so exasperating as the voyage to the Continent, and a great deal more comfortable. Three are performed by the express trains and steamers of the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway, and three by the express trains and steamers of the Great Western:—

(a) To Dublin via Holyhead and Kingstown (Dun Laoghaire).
(b) To Belfast via Heysham.
(c) To Larne via Stranraer.

The above are the L.M.S. services. The three services of the Great Western are—

(a) To Rosslare via Fishguard.
(b) To Belfast via Heysham.
(c) To Cork via Fishguard.

ALONG KILLARNEY'S SHORES: The soft grey-blue hills form a great feature of the charm of Western Ireland

Express trains of the Great Western to Birkenhead also connect with the services of the Belfast Steamship Company between Liverpool and Belfast.

The express trains are a luxury, and so are the steamers, which provide comfort equal to that of many of the big ocean-going liners; and in view of the speedy and luxurious passage the fares, roughly, £3 4s. 9d. 1st class, £2 6s. 3d. 2nd class from London to Dublin, £3 3s. 9d. and £2 7s. 3d. to Belfast, and £3 19s. and £2 7s. 9d. to Cork, are very reasonable.

Once in Ireland you have at your disposal a wide network of railway and automobile services, linking up cities, resorts, and countryside from East to West, and with tours specially devised by the railway companies to provide a maximum of sightseeing with a minimum of cost and trouble. These organized railway and automobile tours ought to do a great deal towards making Ireland popular as a holiday resort.

Ewing Galloway

TYPICAL AND TRADITIONAL TRANSPORT: The jaunting car is popular even in modern Free State Dublin

I shall not attempt any adequate survey of these arrangements, which include travel tickets of 500 and 1,000 miles at amazingly cheap rates, inclusive of rail and hotel tickets and rail and motor-coach tours. Here is one of the combined tours in the South:

(a) By rail from starting point to Clifden, then motor to Mallaranny. Continue by rail to Achill, thence to Ballinrobe and back to the starting point. If this tour is commenced from Dublin the cost is £4 7s. 9d. 1st class, and £2 15s. 6d. 3rd class, which is very little to pay for a journey embracing Connemara and the West of Ireland. Similar tours include Killarney, Inchigula, and Glengarift; and Achill, Connemara, Sligo, and Bundoran.

Something ought to be said of these places, but the names are almost sufficient inducement. They could only derive from surroundings of grave beauty and Celtic antiquity. Connemara is fairly well known and deserves to be. It is a district almost wholly composed of mountains and lakes, with the prettiest of valleys, the loneliest of glens and wildest of rocky gorges—a magnificent diversity of scenery in which are set old historic towns and comfortable resorts from which some of the best fishing in Ireland is available.

The run from Clifden to Mallaranny by road, included in the tour mentioned above, provides a fine example of Irish scenery at its most imposing. The road lies at first through a wild and rugged country with varied views of valley and sea. Then it comes to Letterfrack, a little village smothered in fuschias. Beyond this the road enters a typical bit of west coast scenery, with the sea as green as Irish pastures and studded with rocky islets. The way continues to one of the choicest regions in the West of Ireland where Salruck rises from woods on a wild stretch of coast at the head of the Lesser Killerry. There is no other view in the world of such peculiar beauty as that in the Little Killerry.

An avenue of fuchsias leads on to the famous Pass of Kylemore. The pass contracts as you advance, and the road follows the banks of the outlet to Kylemore Lough, emerging soon to the lough itself, which is three miles long and almost fills up the whole valley between two parallel ranges. Miles of solid fuchsia hedges in full red bloom give streaks of barbaric colour to the region. Now you are in the heart of Connemara as the road descends to Leenane, which lies at the head of the magnificent fjord. So you continue to Westport and rejoin the railway at Mallaranny.

That is a very brief and inadequate picture of a region which bears comparison with some of the most famous scenery of the world, and especially of Norway. You can get more detailed descriptions in booklets issued by the Free State rail and tourist authorities. There is, for example, a series issued by the Great Southern Railway, divided into the following geographical sections:—

Vol. 1.—Dublin, Wicklow, and the South-East.
Vol. 2.—Cork, Killarney, and Kerry.
Vol. 3.—Limerick, Clare, Galway, Connemara, Achill, Sligo, and Donegal.
Vol. 4.—Tara, the Boyne, and Central Ireland.

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The Lovely

South of Ireland

Calls You

THE LAND that has been immortalised by poets innumerable needs little to emphasise its claims as a holiday resort.

The charm of Ireland undoubtedly lies in the South and South-West, where mountain, lake and river combine in presenting to the eye a picture of unparalleled beauty.

Tourist or holiday-maker visiting the lovely South, whether mountaineer, angler, antiquarian, or just a lover of the picturesque, will be charmed with the wealth of material for enjoyment and the homely friendship of the inhabitants. Comfortable and well equipped hotels are to be found at all the principal resorts.

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Illustrated Booklet "SOUTHERN IRELAND" (free) from Superintendent of the line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, London, W.2

JAMES MILNE, GENERAL MANAGER, G.W.R., PADDINGTON

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

The AZURE CHA of UL

For Northern Ireland there is a great wealth of illustrated literature, some of which is extremely well prepared. The conditions there are not dissimilar from those of the South, a mixture of rugged grandeur and pastoral serenity, with old towns, quiet villages, and gay resorts. As in the South also, there are places, like Portrush or Rosapenna, where you stay for weeks on end for the seaside attractions on the one hand and the sporting facilities on the other; but it seems to me a pity not to take advantage of the many facilities which exist for visiting the country.

The whole of Donegal, for example, can be seen comfortably in the course of an ordinary summer's holiday. The county is served from Londonderry by two railway systems which penetrate into its heart, the Lough Swilly Railway and its extensions to Cardonagh and Burtonport; and the Donegal Railway with its extension from Strabane to Letterkenny direct and termini at Glenties, Killybegs, and Ballyshannon.

A RELIC OF ANCIENT DAYS: MacSwyne's tombstone, Doe Castle, near Creeslough

By using these railways and the local cars you can follow an itinerary which will bring out all the characteristics of Donegal, and therefore some of the finest characteristics of the whole of Ireland. The services of the Great Northern Railway of Ireland, via Clones and Enniskillen to Donegal give a tourist an opportunity of visiting on the way the two famous seaside resorts of Ballyshannon and Bundoran. There is nothing striking about Donegal itself, but at Killybegs, the terminus of the line, you are in a fine region of lofty mountains, with Donegal Bay sweeping out before you.

A GLORY OF

A hair-raising route takes you on to Rosapenna, one of the most important sporting centres in Ireland. You go by way of Slieve League, one of the illustrious view-points of Ulster, indeed one of the illustrious view-points of Europe; and descend through the Pass of Glengesh, among the wildest and steepest of Irish passes. The grandeur of this kind of scenery is memorable, perhaps more so than is generally believed. But the character of Donegal is such that it does undoubtedly impress one, not only with what is obviously visible, but also with a kind of majestic

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

In constantly increasing numbers readers of "The Sphere" are availing themselves of the free service offered by "The Sphere" Travel Bureau.

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DUN LAOGHAIRE (Kingstown)

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GUIDE AND ACCOMMODATION LIST free from Publicity Bureau, Town Hall, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin.

RM
STER

LSTER: A composite picture of the Giant's Causeway, the gigantic basaltic formation in the rocky North of Ireland

personality. It is easy to believe that country like this produces, in those who live among it, a peculiarly vivid imagination.

The Inshowen Peninsula, which lies between those two magnificent arms of the sea—Loughs Foyle and Swilly—is, I believe, one of the most attractive parts of Northern Ireland. A good way to get to the peninsula is from Portrush via Coleraine and along the interesting coast of Lough Foyle to Londonderry—a beautiful city gracing both banks of the River Foyle. From here it is convenient to visit the banks of Lough Swilly, which is a lovely stretch of water, well called from its reflections, "The Lake of Shadows."

The accommodation throughout Ulster is excellent and the cost is relatively light, especially in the combined tours. Being a small country, well served with railways and motor-coaches, almost all the important "sights" can be seen in the space of a few weeks and without the expenditure of a great deal of money. Here is a typical combined circular tour which can be made from Belfast.

Go by rail from Belfast to Larne, and then by motor-coach via Cushendall to the Giant's Causeway. That takes one day. On the second day proceed from the Causeway to Portrush, which has long been one of the most popular watering-places on the Irish coast, and which has excellent golf links. You should stay here at least until the fifth day, where you could go on to Londonderry and Enniskillen, staying at Enniskillen on the sixth and seventh days. On the eighth day go by rail to Armagh and Warrenpoint, and then by motor-coach to Rostrevor. Stay at Rostrevor the next day, and on the tenth day continue by motor-coach to Newcastle. Stay there until the thirteenth day, when return by rail to Belfast.

Now this tour could be done for a total expenditure of, roughly, £16, if travelling 1st class and £15 if 2nd class.

SUNSET ON THE WATERS OF THE NORTH-WEST: Horn Head seen from Rosapenna, one of the beauties of the North; can be reached from Londonderry

IRELAND

VISITORS to Ireland wishing to see its Northern half can do so in comfort by using the **TRAINS** and **HOTELS** of the

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

EXPRESSES, with MODERN VESTIBULED CARRIAGES and DINING CARS, are run on this system, the only one connecting DUBLIN, the Capital, with BELFAST, the Commercial Capital and giving access to the Places of Historical Interest, and the Fine **COAST, MOUNTAIN, RIVER** and **LOUGH SCENERY** of the North of Ireland.

Some of the principal attractions reached by this Railway are:

DROGHEDA For the famous Boyne Valley.

ENNISKILLEN for LOUGH ERNE Unrivalled for its Magnificent Scenery and opportunities for Angling. Lough Cruises.

BUNDORAN Great Northern Company's Hotel on the open Atlantic Coast; Golf, Fishing, Mountain Scenery, Motor Tours.

ARMAGH The Historical City with two Cathedrals and two Archbishops.

MOURNE MOUNTAINS and CARLINGFORD LOUGH Fine Scenery, with Great Northern Company's Hotel at Rostrevor. Bathing, Boating, Golf, and Motor Tours.

LONDONDERRY The town of the famous siege in 1689. Several good Hotels; the best starting point for

THE DONEGAL COAST AND HIGHLANDS Good Hotels at Rosapenna, Port Salon, Gweedore, Carrick, etc., etc. Bathing, Boating, Fishing and Golf.

AVOIDANCE OF CUSTOMS EXAMINATION.—To avoid the trouble of Customs Examination of Luggage accompanying passengers between Great Britain and Northern Ireland Stations, via Holyhead and Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown), sealed compartments are provided on the Steamers and Trains connecting therewith in each direction.

The Company's Tourist and Excursion Programmes, Timetables, etc., can be obtained from the Traffic Manager, G.N.R., Belfast; or from the District Superintendent, Amiens Street Station, Dublin.

J. B. STEPHENS, General Manager.

Dublin, 1930.

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3 ROUTES

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LIVERPOOL & BELFAST
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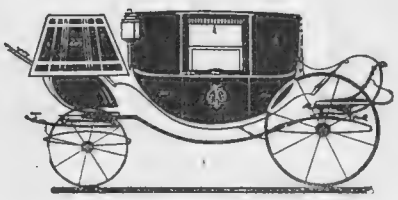

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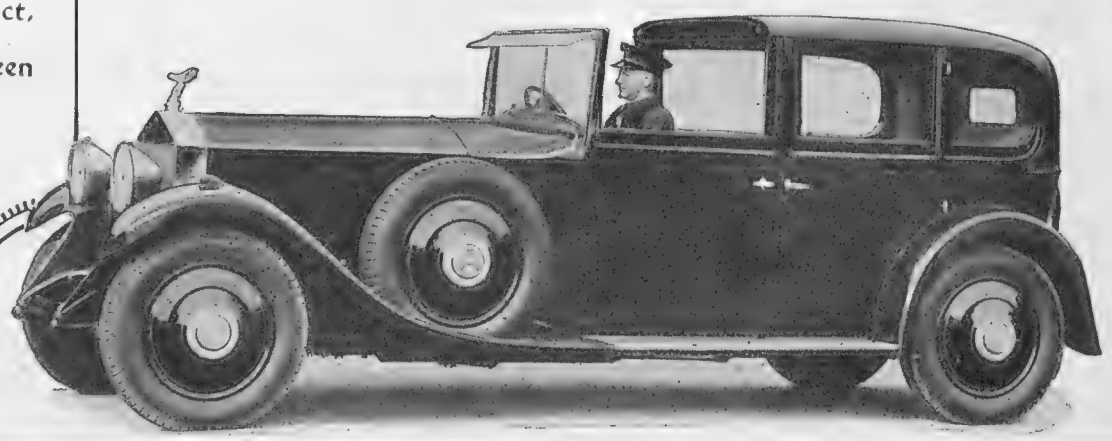


The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

A Sign of the Times: The new R.A.C. Advance Direction Sign which will enable motorists to pick out their correct routes without pausing at road junctions

THE NEED FOR BETTER SIGN-POSTS.—I suppose there is no country in the world that worships precedent more than does England. If any system, any policy, or any structure can boast of any degree of antiquity it becomes almost a crime to suggest any alteration. Probably that is the reason why the sign-posts on our main and bye roads are of the same design as when mail-coaches rumbled through the country. The announcement, therefore, that the Royal Automobile Club is about to start on a great sign-posting campaign with the object of making these direction-indicators more in keeping with the needs of the day is a matter of great interest to all road users. I look upon the plan of the R.A.C. as daring in the extreme, because the mere fact of wishing to put up something up-to-date on the roads is sure to arouse intense opposition from all the bearded, rheumatic old councillors who hate to see anything which has been in use for centuries uprooted and replaced with something quite new. In these days of speedy travel it is obviously absurd for the only sign-post which indicates the proper direction to be erected at the actual junction or cross-road. This plan means that the motorist must pull up at the most dangerous part of the road, and if, as is quite likely, he has steered his car in the wrong direction, he is forced to reverse, thereby placing himself and others in a position of great risk.

Then, again, on many occasions when touring in parts which were not familiar to me I have noticed that sign-posts would be encountered directing me to the place where I intended to go. Travelling on some more miles on the correct road I would then come face to face with another sign-post, and my place of destination would not be written on any of the indicating arms. Naturally I was, and any other motorist would be, immediately surrounded by a mental fog, and unless a very excellent map is carried to help one out of the predicament it is absolutely in the laps of the gods whether the right road is taken or not.

SUPPORT THE MOTORING ORGANIZATIONS.—I am glad to say that the R.A.C. hope to remedy this distressing state of affairs, and I can assure them it is not a minute too early to start on this very important work.

To overcome the first difficulty of placing the one and only sign-post at the most dangerous part of the road, the R.A.C. propose fixing a large disc in a prominent position about a hundred yards before the cross-roads or road junction is reached. This is as it should be and I am also glad to note that the wording on these discs will be of such a size that a motorist will not be compelled to stop his car in order to read them.

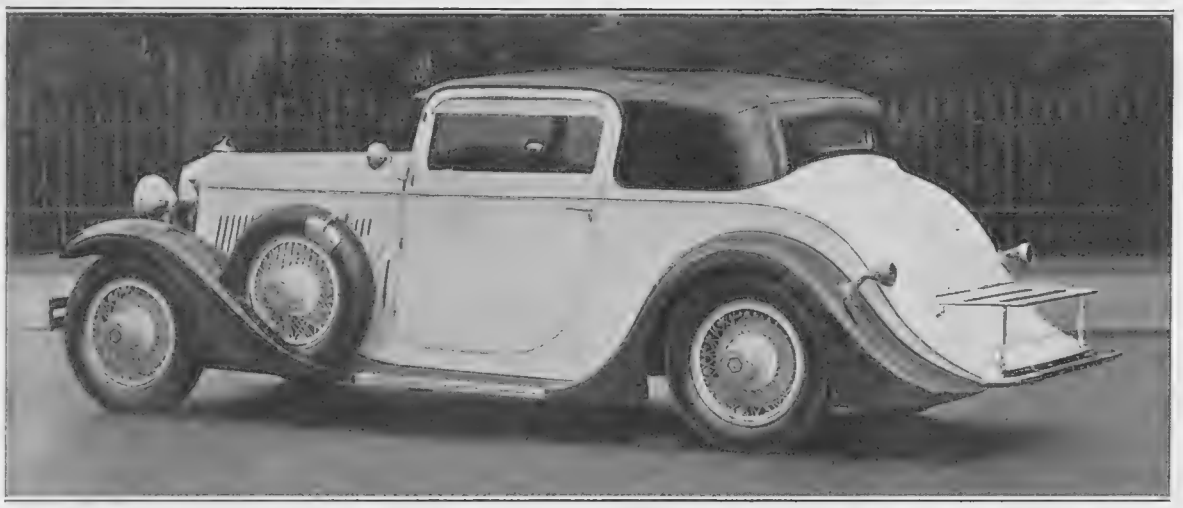
It is very gratifying to think that our great national motoring body is going to embark on this important road work, but it seems to me that the cost of the scheme must be immense. The benefit will not be confined to the members of the R.A.C., but will be enjoyed by every road user, so that it is a little unfair for the burden of what is really a national scheme to fall on the shoulders of a comparatively small number of motorists. On more than one occasion I have pointed out in these notes the duty which every motorist owes to his fellow drivers in supporting either or both the R.A.C. and the A.A., as the work these very energetic and efficient bodies perform is in most instances of direct benefit to every road user. It is really the height of meanness for the driver or owner of a car to refrain from joining these motoring bodies which do so much to make his motoring pleasant.

THE SUNBEAM UNDER REVIEW.—I have just concluded a very interesting run on one of the lastest 16-h.p. Sunbeam cars. The model placed at my disposal was a particularly handsome close-coupled coupé painted in two very effective shades of green. For some reason or other green cars are not often seen on the roads, but the finish on this particular Sunbeam was so intriguing that I feel sure that the colour will be copied by other firms in the near future. The Sunbeam is one of those cars that boast of what I might term blue blood. Its design and workmanship is the direct result of practical experience in the strenuous field of competition. There is nothing like racing to find out faults in a car, and there is no firm in England which has done more than the Sunbeam to uphold the British motor trade in the world of motor-racing at home and abroad, and it is not surprising therefore that the number of faults in the modern Sunbeam chassis are extremely few. There may be many cars that have better brakes, there may be many cars that have smaller turning circles, there may be many cars that have a greater speed, but I venture to state that no car can perform its various functions in a more satisfactory manner than is the case with the car under review.

NO FAULT TO BE FOUND.—There is a definiteness about the controls that makes the driving of the car a sheer joy. The steering responds immediately to the moving of one's hands, there is no back-lash, and no great strength is needed. The brakes likewise respond instantly to the movement of the brake pedal, which in its turn requires comparatively slight pressure from the driver's foot. The gears can be changed up and down by anyone in a manner which is immediately a source of satisfaction to the operator and to the other occupants of the car.

The engine works evenly on all its six cylinders, it is noiseless, it is smooth, and when required will display the qualities of a giant by providing surprising power when the driver stamps on the accelerator pedal. The car holds the road like a leech, the suspension is good, and the accommodation for those driving in it could scarcely be better. On third gear the maximum speed on the speedometer was 43 m.p.h., and on top gear I sent the needle up to the 68 m.p.h. mark on more than one occasion.

In spite of the remarks I have made I still feel that I have not done justice to the car merely because there is a feel about the chassis which completely defeats me when I endeavour to describe it. This atmosphere of perfection is definitely the result of racing experience, and anyone who has driven a Sunbeam is always able to answer the query which is so often floating round when attacks on records are uttered, namely, what earthly use is motor-racing to the industry? All owners of Sunbeam and other cars that have participated in the classic racing events know only too well that racing is of the utmost importance to the motor trade.



The Embodiment of Grace: A unique example of the many new and striking designs of advanced coachwork exclusive to Warwick Wright, Ltd., on the 6-cylinder Stutz Black Hawk chassis. The car above is a four-seater two-door saloon

A CLASSIC OF THE MOTOR-TRACK.—When these notes appear the British Double-Twelve Hours Race, organized by the Junior Car Club at Brooklands, will have started. Over sixty entries have been received and the cars will be put to such a test that few people can scarcely realize what it really means. On Friday, May 9, they start at 8 a.m. and drive all round Brooklands track until 8 p.m. They are then locked up for the night, no one being allowed to touch them, and at eight o'clock the next morning they start on another twelve hours' spell. These cars are not what are commonly known as racing-cars, but are really standard sports models with certain modifications. They race with their full equipment, including windscreen, mudguards, lamps, and spare wheel. Needless to say those that are still running at the end of the twenty-four hours are cars which should give satisfaction to any private owner, because by no stretch of imagination could any private owner put his car to such a strenuous test in such a short space of time as occurs in this great classic event.

People sometimes say that they become bored with watching these long races which are always difficult to follow. Last year, when I was responsible for the running of this event, the Junior Car Club went to great pains to provide other attractions in the shape of a fun-fair and a military band, but experience proved that these side-shows were not patronised, and that the entire vast audience glued their chins to the railings round the track to watch the cars go by. This year the J.C.C. will not provide other attractions, and this is a very wise decision because the Double-Twelve will be one of the finest International battles that has ever taken place in the motoring world. All the leading stars in the British, French, and Italian racing worlds will be driving, and the spectators will have a feast of excitement. No one interested in motoring can afford to miss this event, and as it will be going on for two entire days there is no question of getting down to the track at any particular time.

Beauty Chooses Beauty: Miss June Grey, the popular British film star, whose performance in "Piccadilly Nights" will be remembered, with her 10–30-h.p. Fiat, fitted with a Weymann sunshine saloon body

MOTORING MATTERS of the MOMENT

India of Inchinnan: A Brilliant Gathering of the Motor World

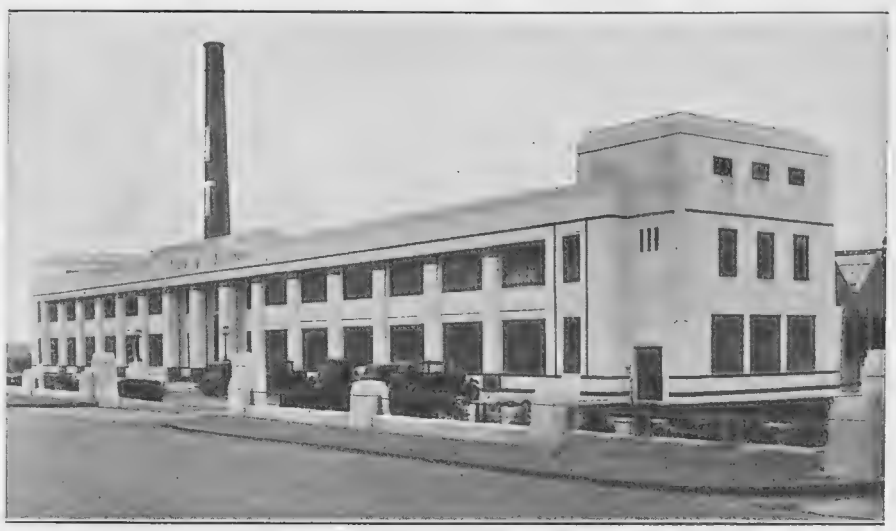
Mr. J. H. Thomas, Minister of Employment, formally opened the new offices and factory of India Tyres, Ltd., at Inchinnan, near Glasgow, recently, when a golden key was presented to him by Mr. Naismith, the chairman of the company. Mr. Thomas was later present at the banquet given to over 400 people at the Great Central Station Hotel in Glasgow.

The opening ceremony which was followed by a tour of the works, was attended by over 5,000 people, who came from all parts of the country, special trains being run from as far distant places as London, Bristol, Birmingham, Leeds, and Newcastle, while a specially-chartered steamer brought the Irish Free State agents from Dublin, and an Imperial Airways liner flew north from London with other guests.

The function marks the successful conclusion of the first stage in the rapid development of this new and flourishing British enterprise. Originally an American concern, India Tyres, Ltd., began manufacture in Scotland when the McKenna duties were imposed in 1927. So successful was the first year of trading that the present company, floated last year with a capital of £750,000, has now bought out all American interests and is entirely British. Romantic as is the history of the company, it is to the typically Scottish determination of the present managing director, Mr. Melville, that India Tyres owe the position they now hold in the motor world. Originally simply the concessionaire for Scotland, then the manufacturing concessionaire, and to-day managing director of the all-British company, Mr. Melville must be heralded as a fine example to all branches of British industry. Himself an ardent Scotsman, he had implicit faith in the sound economic sense of his fellow Scots. He has rigorously adhered to his initial policy of producing a tyre not simply to compete in price with every other make, but to satisfy by longer life and service the motorist who is prepared to pay a little more for a first-grade article. This radically novel policy of manufacture has proved so successful that, owing to demand consistently overtopping supply, India Tyres, until quite recently, have been practically unprocurable south of the Tweed. Mr. Melville, in his speech, reminded his hearers that it was in this factory, built by the Government during the war for the manufacture of aeroplanes, that the airships *R 33* and *R 34* were constructed.

He claimed that India Tyres are the finest in the world for durability though primarily more expensive than any other make, and to-day are being manufactured at the rate of 1,500 per day at the Inchinnan factory, where nearly 2,000 British workpeople find regular and remunerative employment. To this fact Mr. Thomas, whose speech, together with that of Mr. Melville and others, was broadcast yesterday in the United Kingdom, paid graceful tribute. The Lord Privy Seal emphasized particularly the fine example set by this firm, who, as their business steadily grows, consistently recruit the majority of their operatives from the ranks of unemployed miners. It was to such spirited and spontaneous enterprise as this, he suggested, in the hands of men imbued with the idea of progress, that the country must look in the future for any ultimate and lasting cure for trade depression and unemployment.

The Man at the Wheel: Mr. A. M. Melville, the managing director of the India Tyre Co. of Inchinnan whose courage and business ability is greatly responsible for the rapid development of the concern



Scotland's New Landmark.—A view of the front of the palatial new offices of the India Tyre and Rubber Co. (Great Britain), Ltd., at Inchinnan, near Glasgow, which were opened by Mr. J. H. Thomas on April 30 last.

The Motor Trade and the Budget

It was announced by Colonel J. A. Cole, O.B.E., chairman of the Hillman Motor Car Co., Ltd., in Coventry, on April 26, that the prices of Hillman cars were to be materially reduced as from April 28, the reductions ranging from £30 to as much as £50 per car. "The reason we are able to do this," said Colonel Cole, "is because the retention of the McKenna duties gives us the greatest confidence in the future of the British motor industry. We are certain that trade in British cars will improve enormously, and we are therefore extending our works so that we shall be able to increase our output substantially and thus produce in greater volume a range of quality cars at lower prices. The benefit of this organized policy is being passed on to the public immediately." The new prices are as follows: Straight Eight—Tourer, £395; Safety Tourer, £410; Saloon, £415; Safety Saloon, £445; Six-light Weymann Saloon, £445; Segrave Model, £445; Drop-head Coupé, £475. Fourteen—Tourer, £275; Safety Tourer, £290; Saloon, £295; Safety Saloon, £338; Six-light Weymann Saloon, 338; Segrave Model, £338; Drop-head Coupé, £378. A sunshine roof on any closed model costs only £10 extra.

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For health's sake you must see that your house is equipped with a medicated paper. Neglect of this detail is only too often followed by serious consequences to health. Insist on the Izal Toilet Roll, every sheet of which is thoroughly medicated with Izal, the most efficient disinfectant known to science.

6d

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Why go Grey?

HINDES' HAIR TINT

Hindes' Hair Tint restores grey or faded hair to its original colour forthwith—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Chemists, Hairdressers & Stores. 2/6 or direct:

HINDES, LTD., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

AN OLD FRIEND LONG BEFORE IT IS AN OLD CAR

The beauty of friendship as compared with relationship lies in the fact that whereas your relations are made for you, you can choose your own friends.

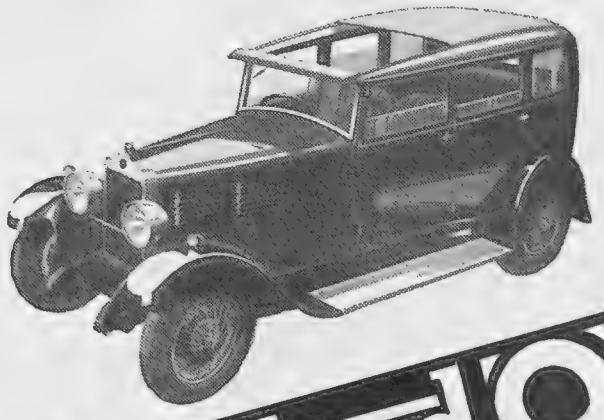
That is one reason why you should choose a "Standard" as your next car—you'll never make a better friend.

There's no doubt about it—this is a "Standard" year! Immediately they were introduced—the famous "nine" and the 2-Litre 6 Cylinder—each model was accepted by the public as easily the best in its class, and the old adage that "Nothing succeeds like success" is certainly proving true where the "Standard" is concerned!

The Standard "Nine" Saloons from £185.

The Standard 2-Litre 6 Cylinder Saloons from £325.

There's interesting literature awaiting any enthusiastic motorist.



The All-British Standard 9 TEIGNMOUTH SALOON.

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ITEMS of General INTEREST

CROWN STAFFORDSHIRE

Flowers portrayed on pottery have been familiar to us as long as we can remember. Probably 90 per cent. of pottery decoration incorporates some floral design, but it his been left to the artist potters of the twentieth century to portray flowers *in* pottery. The expression of the art of the potter reaches its highest phase in the production of the beautiful specimens of flower table decorations now available.

Doubtless many of our readers would be charmed by the display shown by the makers at the British Industries Fair. Two little pictures on p. 284 showing one or two typical examples give some idea of the skilful modelling, but no black and white illustration can adequately convey the idea of delightful fragrance, the natural colourful freshness of familiar flowers which the artist potter has succeeded in reproducing in what is often miscalled "common clay."

The prices asked for these fascinating pieces of china are surprisingly modest when one considers the planning, the craftsmanship, and the art which have been combined in reproducing them. They are in the well-known Crown Staffordshire china, the makers of which justly claim to be "Famous for Flowers," but who also supply "Everything in China."

HELP FOR BRITISH FARMERS

British farmers are facing a crisis. For years farming, although our greatest industry, has been neglected and left to shift for itself. Now world-wide agricultural depression has added its train of low prices and subsidized exports from foreign countries to the tale. Any policy that helps the farmer is good news. An outstanding example is that of the proprietors of Ovaltine, the well-known food beverage made from milk, malt, and eggs. All the milk—thousands of gallons a day—is purchased from British farmers. All the malt is prepared from British-grown barley exclusively—acknowledged to be the finest obtainable. Even the cocoa used for flavouring comes from Empire sources only. With regard to the eggs, the manufacturers are now establishing their own egg farm, and it is one of which Great Britain may well be proud. Extending over 300 acres, the Ovaltine Egg Farm, when completed, will be the largest and best equipped egg farm in the world—a model of efficiency and cleanliness.

"ROYAL ACADEMY ILLUSTRATED"

This publication made its annual appearance on Wednesday, May 7, only two days after the opening of the Royal Academy, and it fulfils its function of presenting a large number of the outstanding pictures and sculptures exhibited this year, magnificently reproduced in monochrome, as brilliantly as previous editions have led us to expect. The *Royal Academy Illustrated* is certainly the next best thing to a visit to Burlington House, and one would advise every artist and every lover of art to secure a copy. And to those who are able to visit the Academy itself, this splendid collection of reproductions will bring back many delightful memories. The *Royal Academy Illustrated* may be obtained from any bookseller, or direct from the publishers, Messrs. Walter Judd, Ltd., 47, Gresham Street, London, E.C.2, at the modest price of 2s. 6d.

FRIENDS OF ALL TRAVELLERS: Captain and Mrs. George Lunn, directors of the world-famous tourist agency, George Lunn's Tours, Ltd.

FRANCE IN TUNIS AND ALGERIA

Now that North Africa, as opposed merely to Egypt, is becoming such a great field for Society with a capital S, the small handbook by W. Basil Worsfold, published by Brentano's, should be assured of a good success. Carthage, the one-time haunt of the Barbary pirates, Biskra, Algiers, El Djen—all are considered from the historical and sociological points of view. Mr. Worsfold, in a pleasant, lucid, erudite, but neither dictatorial nor professional style has presented his studies in colonial administration to such good purpose that one can say without fear of contradiction that a visit to French North Africa is much enhanced by a perusal of this work, while its perusal is some compensation for the failure to perform such a visit.

TO BE PRESENTED: Miss Betty Franklin, daughter of Mr. Phillip Franklin, 27, Wimpole Street, W. I, who will be presented at the second Court

A CORRECTION

THE SPHERE has received a letter from M. N. Lely, the Acting Consul-General of Greece and an ex-Governor of Mt. Athos, the ancient monastic community. In the issue of April 12 appeared a section dealing with the proposal to turn this community into an ordinary community. M. Lely writes that the commercialization of this sacred soil is not to take place. He adds:

"On the contrary the Greek Government always, and especially since Mount Athos was liberated by the Greek Army in 1912, has looked upon the Holy Mount with particular affection, as forming part of the national heritage of the Greek nation.

"I avail myself of this opportunity to emphasize the great respect of the Greek State towards the Holy Mount and the additional privileges bestowed upon the monks by which they are fully attaining their religious scope and spiritual development, and are now living in absolute peace, freedom, and prosperity."

THE SPHERE takes this opportunity to give publicity to a vital correction.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The eighty-seventh annual meeting of the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship will be held at Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W.1, on Wednesday, May 21, at 3 p.m. H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught will preside, and H.R.H. Princess Arthur will give away the prizes sent by H.M. the Queen. Speakers: Vice-Admiral G. R. Mansell and Sir John Martin-Harvey. The children will give musical selections, rhythmic dances, and a gymnastic display. Tickets for reserved seats 2s. 6d. each. Apply to the Society's Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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GOLF. SQUASH RACKETS. HORSE RIDING. TENNIS. :: BADMINTON. :: SWIMMING. DANCING.

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As those who are connecting to the mains for the supply of electricity may desire to dispose of their Generating Plant, and others are requiring a temporary supply until the mains become available, we have arranged to open a Register of such plants both "available" and "required."

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We propose to deal only with equipment made by recognised makers which, so far as can be ascertained by examination and tests, is in serviceable condition.

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NO NORTH ROOMS

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THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY CELEBRATIONS.

Examples of Present-day Staffordshire Pottery from Three Makers of Fine China

Wedgwood, Minton, and Copeland, the latter of which is the successor to the famous Spode of earlier days are the three of the firms known even to the layman when pottery is mentioned. To the dilettante, the amateur, and the expert they represent in many ways the peak of English Ceramic Art

THE ART OF WEDGWOOD: On left is an example of jasper ware, the creation of which was, perhaps, the immortal Josiah's greatest achievement in pottery. The centre plaque is emblazoned with a design of the nymphs of Helios modelled by Flaxman in 1776. Below is a trophy plate in relief design in jasper ware. The number of fragments composing the design exceeds 170 pieces. To the right is Flaxman's copy in 1787 from an Etruscan vase now in the British Museum, showing Herakles in the garden of the Hesperides

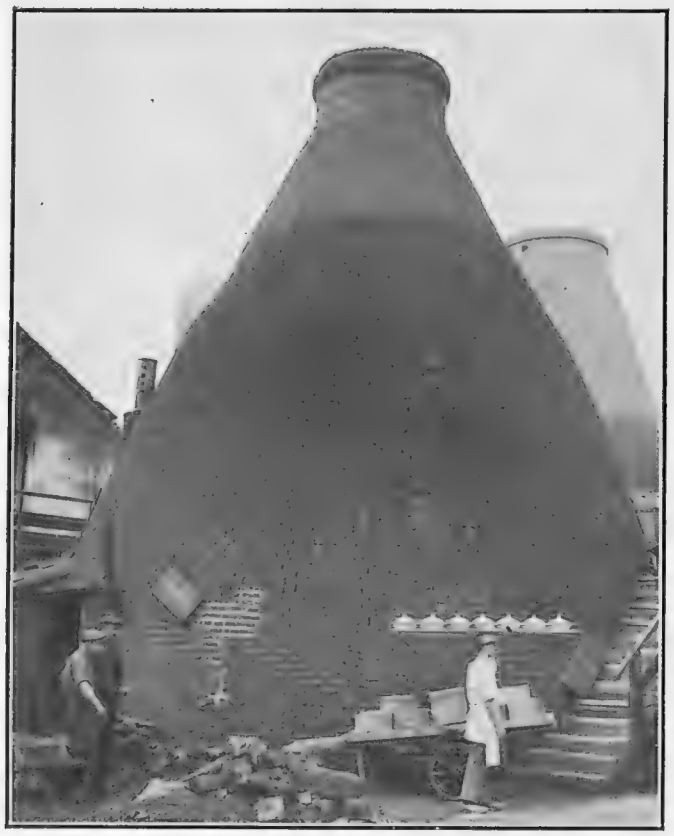
THE ART OF MINTON: An eventail flower-holder, a reproduction of an antique Sèvres piece is on the upper left, next to which is a painted and gilded pierced dessert plate. The upper right-hand vase is reproduced from a Sèvres design. The left-hand lower piece is a reproduction of an antique Sèvres design worked in antique colour and French gold on a turquoise ground. The centre decoration is a fine example of painting. The other two pieces are also of Sèvres design the left-hand in mazarine, the right-hand in turquoise blue

THE ART OF COPELAND (SPODE): The central article is a hand-painted parrot in glowing colours, below which is a cigarette-box ornamented in autumn fruits. The upper left-hand plate is ground-laid in ivory decorated in hand-burnished gold. Below it is a hand-painted plate with a lavender border and a gold edge. The teacup on the left is a Spode shape, while that on the right with its attendant plate is in turquoise with bird decorations. The upper right-hand plate is in powder-blue with florally decorated panels in six colours. It is edged in burnished gold

THE ART OF STAFFORD

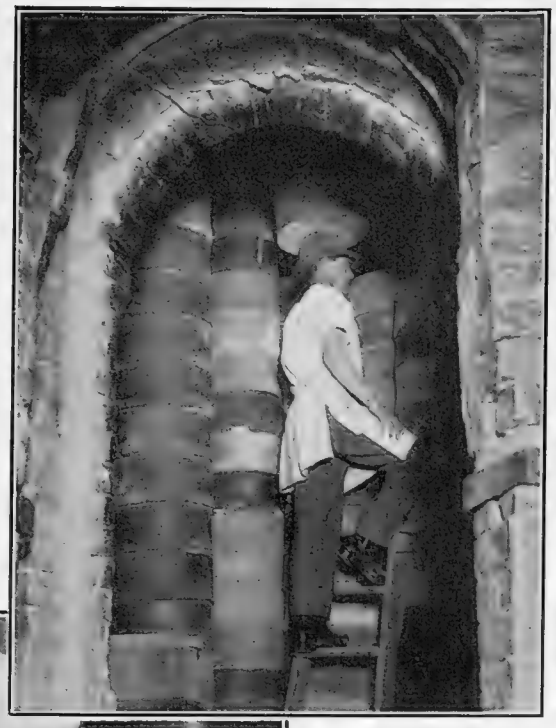
Scenes in the Manufacture of

CHINA



Copelands

"INVERTED BOWLS OF A PRE-ADAMITE DESIGN": The kilns and ovens were thus described by Dickens. The articles fashioned out of the special clay are placed in these for firing



Copelands

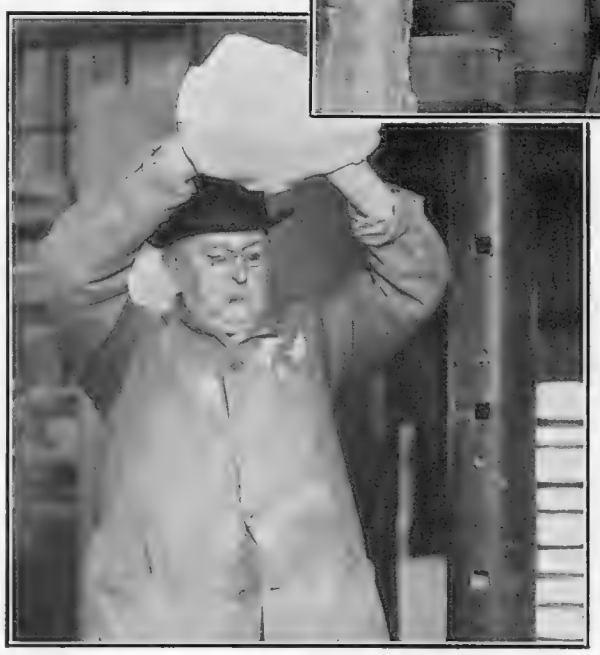
THE TOWER: Each saggar is placed on another

Wedgwood

A RECORD: The largest vase ever made at Wedgwood's plant at Etruria nearing completion

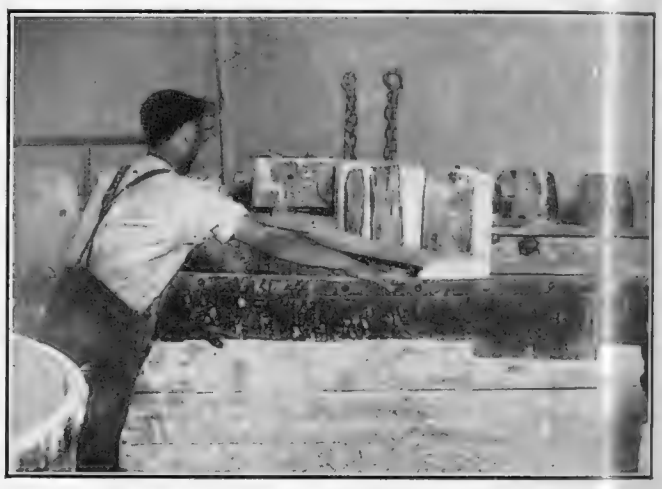
John Aynsley

CAREFUL ADMIXTURE: The proportions of the ingredients—clay, bone, flint, etc., must be exact to ensure a perfect result



John Aynsley

KNEADING BY HAND: Skilled workers knead and punch the soft clay with considerable violence until it is brought to a proper state of sleekness in which it can be effectively worked



Adderley

GRINDING BONE: A necessary ingredient in the preparation of a perfect "body." It gives elasticity

Shelley

THE APPLICATION OF COLOUR: A group of girls apply decorations to plates, etc. The colour is rendered permanent by a second firing

Minton

AFFIXING HANDLES: Some articles are cast from moulds, a liquid "boay" being used instead of employing the old potter's method

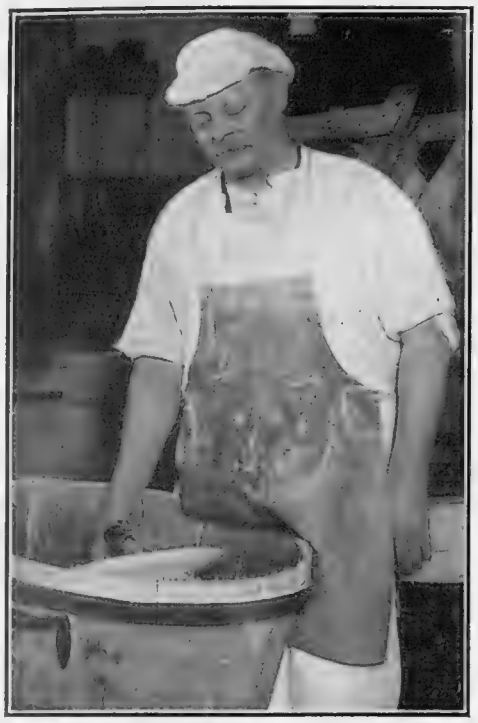
Crown Staffs Pottery

PRINTING: Applying a border design to the eage of a plate—a process recalling the juvenile "transfer"

All the above processes were illustrated from photographs taken a few days ago for this issue by a special "Sphere" photographer who, for this purpose, visited representative houses of distinction in the two main divisions of the pottery industry. China making is shown on the left and earthenware on the right

SHIRE POTTERY IN 1930.

Scenes in the Manufacture of EARTHENWARE

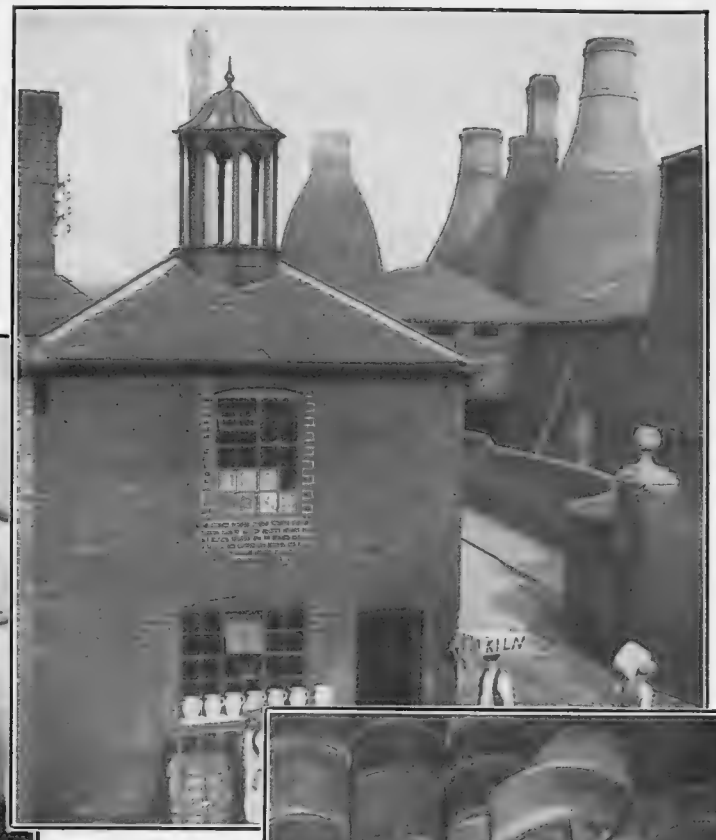


Booths of Tunstall

DIPPING INTO THE GLAZE: This is frequently of a different colour to the final appearance the glazed pottery presents

Booths of Tunstall

THE POTTER AND HIS WHEEL: A thrower at his wheel—the device which Omar celebrated in deathless verse, and which is still in use



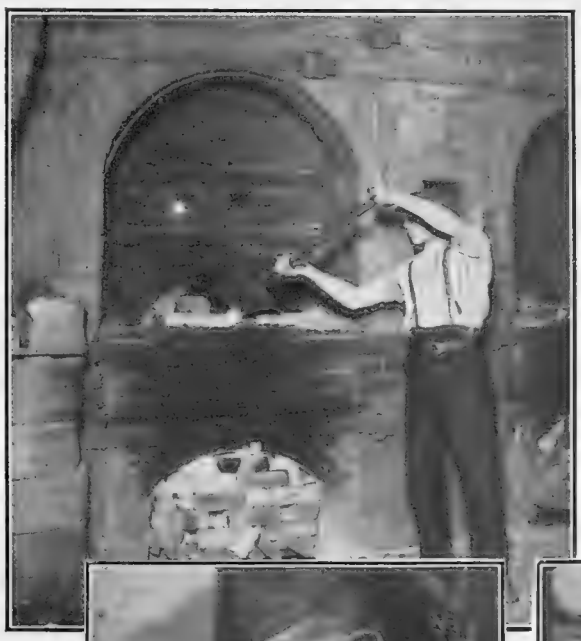
A. J. Wilkinson

FROM THE SHOWROOM WINDOW: Showing the turret over the lodge and some of the kilns. The Potteries architecture is marked by XVIII century influence

A. J. Wilkinson

READY FOR BAKING: Placing saggars in position. These contain the articles to be baked and both saggars and the contents are brought up to a rosy pink. The saggars are stacked to the roof of the inner tower

Fielding



Fielding

A HANDFUL OF HANDLES: To save labour these are moulded in one piece, and subsequently separated and attached. On right: *STOKERS AT WORK: They carefully maintain an even temperature*

Wood

BRUSHING BY HAND: After firing the ware must be carefully freed from any grit or dust on the surface of the biscuit. From this department the ware goes to be dipped in glaze

Wood

TRIMMING UP ON A LATHE: This process removes any roughness before the article is plunged into the glaze which gives what is practically a glass surface

A. J. Wilkinson

A DESIGNER OF NOTE: Miss Clarice Cliff, a distinguished figure in the Potteries, considers some of her work of modern decor, and finds it (as others do) good. A speciality of hers is a strong orange nursery pottery of joyous colouring

GEMS of EN
ART : *The Glory*

OF THE LAST HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY : A figure of Shakespeare made by Enoch Wood, c. 1790, and a most attractively designed jug decorated in white slip dated 1766. It bears the names "John and Dorothy Cook." Both pieces are examples of Staffordshire earthenware

A QUARTETTE OF VARIOUS BEA
Young Pretender, c. 1750. Above—
material painted with a portrait of Fred
in the form of a lamp. The latter

THE WORK OF THE WOODS : On left is a jug in Staffordshire earthenware, modelled by John Voyez, and probably made by Ralph Wood, dated 1788; and on right, a jug with a satyr mask in the same medium, probably made by Enoch Wood, c. 1800. The latter is a puzzle jug from which one cannot drink without ruining one's clothes

A MIXED BUT BEAUTIFUL BAG : A vase of
Staffordshire plate, with a transfer print entitled
Staffordshire, c. 1780, with Chinese scene; a Staff
of two zingari w

NGLISH CERAMIC

of Staffordshire Pottery Recorded Specially for "The Sphere" at the Victoria and Albert Museum

: A jug in Staffordshire salt glaze painted with a portrait of the ot in the same medium of the same period; a teapot in the same Great, 1745; and a beautiful vase and cover in gilt porcelain wrought rked "Spode" in red, and dates from the early nineteenth century

A MIXTURE OF CENTURIES: A Staffordshire porcelain vase decorated in Dublin by James Donovan with a view of Cabinteely House, Co. Dublin; and a Toby jug of Staffordshire earthenware ascribed to Ralph Wood, c. 1780

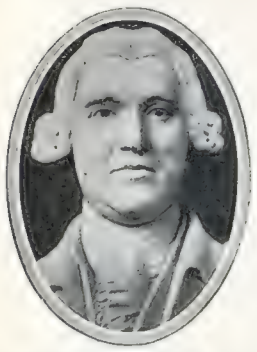
moulded marbled ware made by Wedgwood and Bentley at Etruria, c. 1775; a "Keep Within Compass," c. 1790; a teapot in porcelain, made at Newhall, rdshire plate with a blue transfer print of classical ruins, c. 1800; and a group th a dog, in Staffordshire earthenware, c. 1840

THE ANIMAL WORLD: A spirited Staffordshire group entitled "Bull-baiting," c. 1840, in which coloured clays were employed, and a figure of a buffalo with a Chinaman on its back in "tortoiseshell ware," perhaps made by Thomas Whieldon, c. 1750

300 YEARS in NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE.

Where the Growth and Progress of CERAMIC ART is being Celebrated in a Variety of Ways During the Period May 19 to 24

By H. W. MAXWELL
Curator of the City of Stoke-on-Trent Museum



BICENTENARY OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, one of the shining lights of early Staffordshire ceramic effort

The Five Towns is a myth. We have learned recently that they were invented by a famous writer as a matter of euphony. But the Staffordshire Potteries centred about Stoke-on-Trent are a very solid reality, known throughout the world as "The Potteries," and producing evidence of their activities to serve or to grace the homes of citizens of every land.

The story of Stoke-on-Trent is completely entwined with the development of potting, so that if I place before you a few facts about the several generations of people who have made pots here you will realize how it comes about that a city of nearly 300,000 souls now exists where only three hundred years ago a few peasants tilled their small holdings on the moorlands, making a few crude vessels of local clay in their spare time.

Stoke probably derives its name from the fact that a Saxon stockaded town existed here, but its connection with pottery commences not sooner than the early years of the seventeenth century.

In medieval times earthenware vessels were made in every part of the country where was found suitable clay and brushwood for firing. It was the scarcity and high price of wood for firing resulting from the clearance for tillage of the woodlands which caused the potters to adopt other methods of firing. The same reason necessitated the removal of the ironworkers of Sussex to the north. Coal was of course known, but methods of transport were so difficult that both potters and ironworkers had to take their industries to places where coal was available on the spot.

In North Staffordshire the potters found ideal conditions. Not only were many suitable kinds of clay found in easily worked positions near the surface, but coal, too, existed in adjacent seams.

So we find evidence in the Court Rolls that increasing numbers of tenants, described as "earth potters" were in possession of holdings in and around Burslem, the mother town of the Potteries. The wares produced were of course crude, just local clay body, dark red in colour after firing, with a yellowish glaze produced with the lead ore from Lawton, also within convenient distance for transport by the only means then available. Roads were non-existent, and the rude tracks only passable, sometimes in winter with great difficulty, by pack-horses or donkeys. The diet and domestic habits of the period made small demands on the potter's skill. A large pot used for cooking and service and a common drinking vessel, usually with several handles, for passing round a not always too sober party, usually sufficed. The rich fed from metal plates, the poor from wooden platters. Sometimes, however, when a presentation piece was desired the potters had a chance of showing what their skilled hands and fertile imaginations could evolve. There are still in existence in public and private collections large circular dishes, posset-pots, cradles, and other examples of the work of the Tofts and their contemporaries, bearing the names of the maker or the recipient and dates ranging from about 1620 to 1680. These splendid pots are probably the greatest achievement of peasant potters.

A great impetus was given to the craft by the introduction in the later Stuart times of tea from the East. So precious a beverage called for vessels for brewing and drinking of lighter substance and better finish, and at first those of Chinese porcelain were imported with the herb.

But soon Staffordshire began to meet the demand. Two brothers—John Philip and David Elers—of Saxon origin had come to England in the train of William of Orange about 1688, and had been experimenting at Fulham in the manufacture of red teapots. Finding material suitable for their purpose hard to get, and disliking the publicity of the town, they emigrated to Staffordshire about 1693, where at Bradwell Wood they found a clay to their taste. This they purified and made into small teapots of fine shape and finish, ornamented by small raised decorations stamped on by means of metal stamps (they had had previous experience as silversmiths). These found a ready sale in the Poultry, London, at a guinea a piece. The brothers did not stay long in Staffordshire—there is a record that John Philip had settled in Dublin in 1700, but their methods leaked out and were soon copied. Astbury and Twyford in particular were producing somewhat similar ware in both red and black.

About this time also several potters in Staffordshire were experimenting with stoneware, influenced by the ware imported from the Rhenish potteries, and imitated at Fulham and Lambeth in London. Thomas Miles of Shelton used a local clay and sand from Baddeley Edge. Thomas and Richard Wedgwood and Matthew Garner were making red stoneware in Burslem in 1693, and in that year John Dwight of Fulham brought against them and the Elers Brothers a suit in Chancery for infringement of his patent for "the mistery of porcelain" which dragged on for years without result.

To Astbury about this time the industry owes the introduction of the method of adding clay imported from the West Country to render the body white. He doubtless based his method on those of the pipe-makers of Newcastle, who used a wash of Bideford clay. To him also, or possibly to Thomas Heath of Lane Delph is due the use of ground calcined flint further to whiten the body.

These discoveries so improved the quality of domestic vessels of pottery as to render them first favourites on all tables.

The method of glazing by the introduction of salt into the kiln during firing had already been discovered or brought from the Continent, and the increased demand led the potters to search for ways of improving their methods of production to meet the calls upon them. This was accomplished by the introduction of moulding. Moulds were first cut, usually in alabaster from the neighbouring Derbyshire mines, and a new craft of block-cutting arose in which Aaron Wood and his sons were specially skilled. Then from these blocks pottery or "picture" moulds were made in which quantities of pieces could be formed. A further speeding-up of production came from the introduction of plaster moulds by Ralph Daniel of Cobridge about 1750.

The salt-glazed ware of this period, with its characteristic "pigskin" surface and "scratched-blue" decoration, or enamel painting, was of fine quality and was sought after in all markets. It was only superseded by the fine cream earthenware or "Queen's" ware, introduced by Wedgwood, which could be produced at much less cost cost, and so became the standard domestic pottery.

INTERIOR OF A STAFFORDSHIRE KILN: This water-colour drawing of the interior of a kiln is by Mr. Herbert J. Finn of the Copper Door Studio, Chelsea. He has been attracted by the many beautiful and bizarre sights in and around the Potteries of Staffordshire. The saggers containing the pieces to be baked are placed within the central circular tower. This in its turn is surrounded by the outer cone or flask of brickwork. An inner space of hot air is contained between these two brick structures thus aiding the oven baking of the whole mass. The circular orifice of the outer cone is seen above

Josiah Wedgwood, born in Burslem in 1730, came of a long line of potters. He started potting when he was nine, and after his apprenticeship entered into two partnerships of short duration and little profit, but set his foot on the ladder of success in his association with Thomas Whieldon at Fenton from 1751 to 1759. Whieldon was a good potter and a good business man. He made many experiments with new bodies and glazes, and his wares found a ready sale. Wedgwood too was making and recording many trials which were to be of great use when he started his own works, first in hired premises at Burslem and then by the purchase of an estate and the foundation of the works which he called Etruria. He improved the black or Egpytian ware into his fine black basalt, and made a new body which he called jasper, but his greatest success was with the improved cream ware which he named "Queen's ware," in honour of Queen Charlotte, who was an enthusiastic purchaser.

His subsequent partnership with Thomas Bentley from Liverpool furthered his success.

But Wedgwood, in addition to the improvements which he effected in potting, did much for the district in bringing about the betterment of transport facilities. Roads began to be made, and finally the Trent and Mersey Canal, designed by a local engineer, James Brindley, and fostered by the Duke of Bridgewater, gave facilities for the bringing into the district by water the materials now required.

Wedgwood's contemporaries—Josiah Spode, Thomas Minton, William Adams of Tunstall, and others contributed much to the foundation of an industry of world-wide fame which to-day sends its productions all over the globe.

During the period of the bicentenary celebrations (May 19–24, 1930) it will be possible for the visitor to see in Stoke-on-Trent in two exhibitions the whole range of North Staffordshire ceramic production. In Hanley Museum will be a Commemorative Exhibition consisting of the work of the early potters, Josiah Wedgwood and his contemporaries and immediate successors up to about 1820, of which exhibition Her Majesty the Queen, herself an enthusiastic collector, has graciously consented to be patron, and to lend examples from her collection. Important loans from other public and private collections will also be included, together with paintings and drawings of early potters, and maps and documents connected with the history of the district and the industry. Another great exhibition of modern local pottery by the leading firms will be staged in the King's Hall, Stoke.

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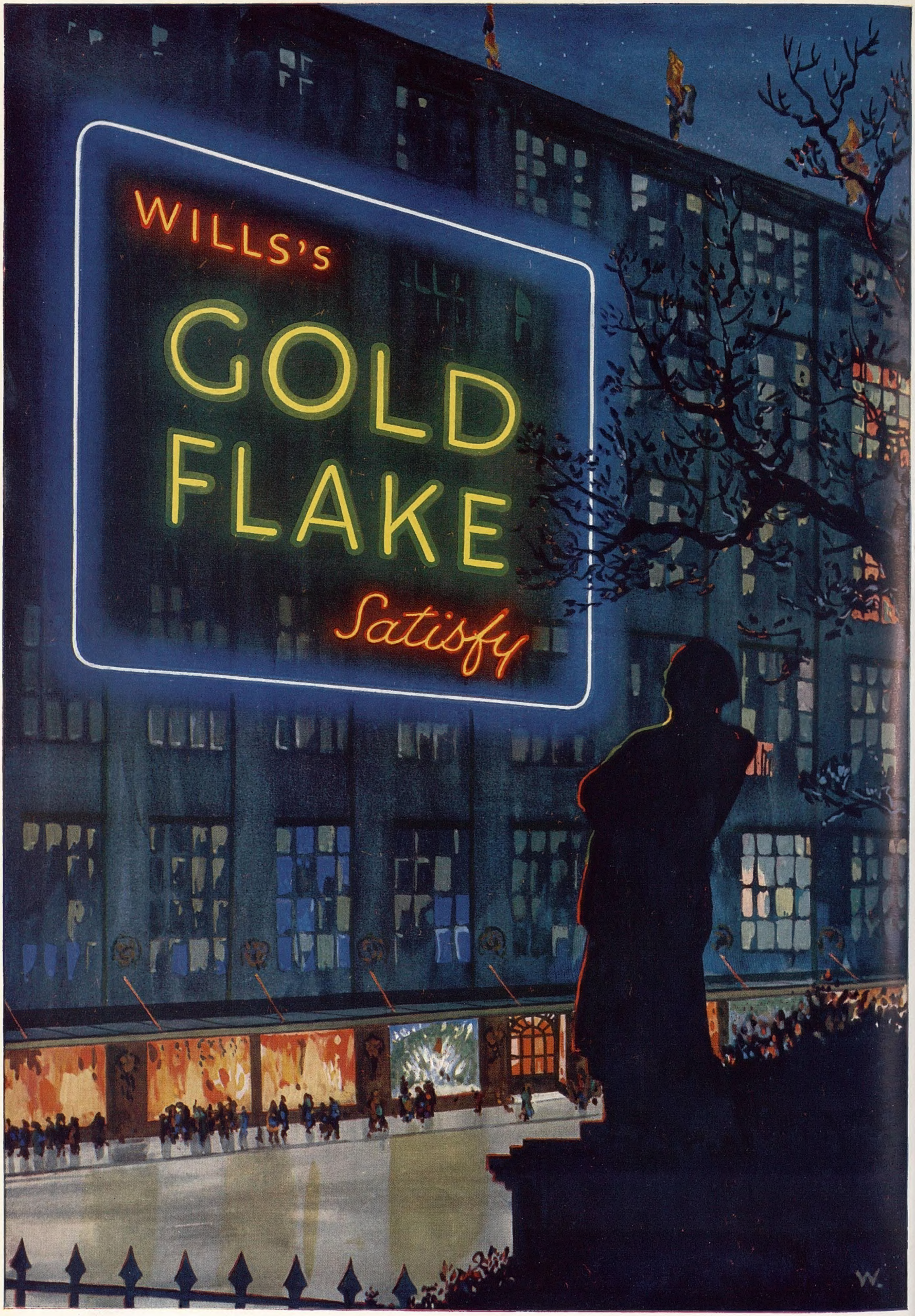
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